

Américas

BRACEROS FARM FOR MEXICO

with techniques learned
north of the border

Charles Ives, **MUSICAL REBEL**

A Yankee remembers his

BUENOS AIRES CHILDHOOD

THE BAHAMAS TODAY

THE WORLD LOOKS OUT FOR ITS CHILDREN

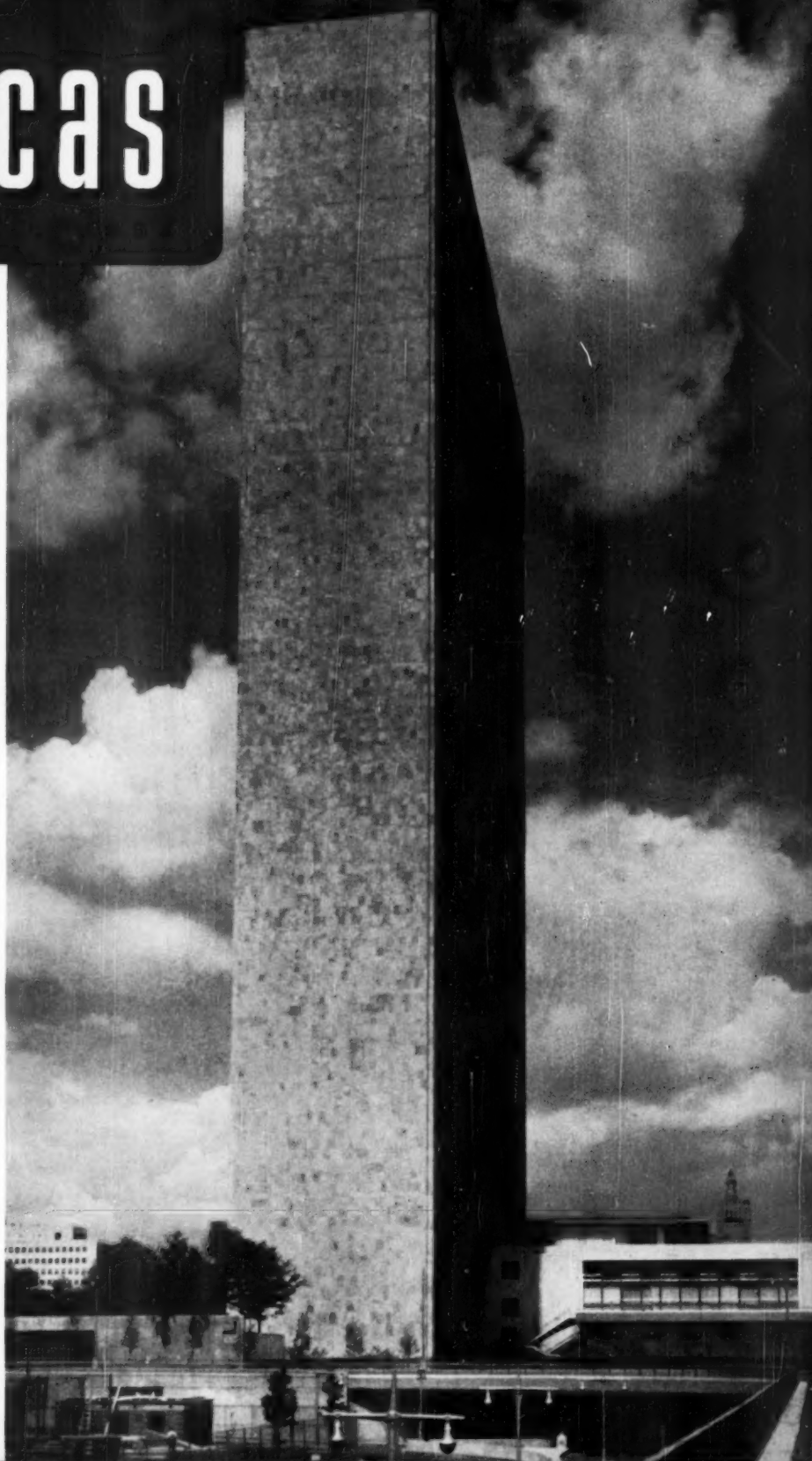
through the United Nations

25

cents

UN Headquarters, New York City.

*On October 24, the United
Nations will be eight years old
(see page 1)*





Américas

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CONTENTS

Page	
3	BRACEROS FARM FOR MEXICO Verne A. Baker
6	MUSICAL REBEL Nicolas Slonimsky
9	BUENOS AIRES CHILDHOOD E. W. H. Lumsden
12	THE BAHAMAS TODAY Wallace B. Aliq
16	TAKE BACK YOUR WHEEL Héctor Velarde
18	THE WORLD LOOKS OUT FOR ITS CHILDREN
21	LEGENDS OF THE AYMARA Fernando Díez de Medina
24	AS EUROPE SAW IT
27	A WORD WITH MARIO BERMUDEZ
28	OAS FOTO FLASHES
29	IT'S THE TALK IN . . .
	LIMA
	LA PAZ
	SAN SALVADOR
32	POINTS OF VIEW
36	BOOKS
	THE LIVING GODS OF HAITI Eva Thoby-Marcelin
	PORTRAIT OF A MASTER José Gómez Sicre
	HUMOR AND A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE Muna Lee
	BOOK NOTES
40	EMBASSY ROW
46	GRAPHICS CREDITS
47	KNOW YOUR ARGENTINE NEIGHBORS?
48	LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

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Dear Reader

Eight years ago the United Nations Charter entered into force after being ratified by the majority of the member states, including the five permanent members of the Security Council. Although we may have the impression that we now know all there is to know about the past, present, and especially the future of world organization, the truth is that in eight years an experiment of the magnitude of the United Nations cannot be judged definitively. All we have to go on are some rather inexact points of comparison with the League of Nations, and our opinions are necessarily based on hypotheses. What would have happened, we ask ourselves, without the United Nations? World War III? Those of us who believe that in the association or society of nations lies the only hope of systematically combatting war are inclined to answer yes, in the belief that the great slaughter has been successfully prevented by the existence and also by the action of the United Nations.

We realize that its structure is not perfect, but we also realize that it is not the structure but the principles and purposes of an international organization that count. The structural defects may have made its course of action slower and less brilliant; but the idea behind the organization has triumphed over the difficulties. There is peace in many parts of the world where there would still be war if it were not for the United Nations. In some places, as in Kashmir, the UN has prevented disputing forces from taking up arms against one another, and in others—Iran, for example—it has defended the independence of a weak country. There was certainly less tension in the world when World War I broke out than in the critical days of the conflict between the Arab states and Israel, yet the United Nations succeeded in localizing and reducing it. And there have been many other cases, less celebrated but no less dangerous.

But above all, the United Nations, for the first time in the history of international organizations—admittedly brief—has succeeded in putting down armed aggression. It is true that it was possible only because of the absence of one of the permanent members of the Security Council, which presumably would have used the veto. But, on the other hand, when it was realized how much the United Nations would be weakened by having to stand by powerless in the face of armed aggression, steps were taken to permit resorting to the General Assembly, where there is no veto, when similar cases arise in the future. This has strengthened the organization much more than most people think. In its eighth year the United Nations—of which the OAS declared itself in its charter to be a regional agency—has had the satisfaction of restoring peace through an armistice that at least achieves the purpose of the armed forces that were fighting in its name.


Secretary General

CONTRIBUTORS



also been active as an editor of musical dictionaries.

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY, composer and conductor, was among the first to present to the public the works of Charles Ives, whose life and artistic innovations he deals with in "Musical Rebel." Between 1931 and 1933 he conducted several concerts of modern U.S. music in Paris, Berlin, Budapest, Havana, Los Angeles, and Hollywood, in which Ives scores were included. He has written a number of books, among them *Music in Latin America*, *Music Since 1910*, and *Lexicon of Musical Injective*, and has



When HÉCTOR VELARDE, noted Peruvian architect, writes for fun, he prefers to forget all about architecture and turn out something like "Take Back Your Wheel." Born in Lima in 1898, he was graduated from the School of Public Works in Paris, and is responsible for some of Lima's major contemporary buildings. He is honorary professor at the School of Engineers in Lima, for which he drew up the course in descriptive geometry, and a former president of the Society of Peruvian Architects. Among his technical books are *Arquitectura Peruana* and *Historia de Arquitectura*, both published by the Fondo de Cultura Económica in Mexico. He has also written volumes of short stories and essays, including *Kikiff*, *El Hombre que Perdió el Tacto* (The Man Who Lost His Sense of Touch), and *La Cortina de Lata* (The Tin Curtain).



He is a member of the Institute of Ibero-American Literature in the United States and of the Mexican Ateneo Nacional de Ciencias y Artes.

The theory of creation held by the ancient civilization of his native Bolivia is FERNANDO DIEZ DE MEDINA's subject in "Legends of the Aymara." Such centuries-old beliefs have interested him for many years, and were dealt with at length in one of his numerous books—*Nayjama*, a collection of Andean mythology in rhapsodic form. His latest book, *Literatura Boliviana*, came out early this year. In the field of journalism, he has edited several newspapers and written many magazine articles.

Twenty years as a land appraiser with the Farm Credit Administration qualify VERNE A. BAKER to discuss the accomplishments and problems of the Mexican contract laborers who have returned home, as he does in "Braceros Farm for Mexico." In the course of many trips below the border he has become enthusiastic about the agricultural potentialities of the country's west coast; he believes that "Mexico is truly the land that will never starve."



Ignoring the people who "look at me as if I were Rip Van Winkle" whenever he mentions these things, E. W. H. LUMSDEN reminisces about his "Buenos Aires Childhood." After leaving Argentina, he attended schools in England, Canada, and the United States. He has been in publishing or advertising—always on the business end—ever since he graduated from Columbia University, and writes articles from time to time as an avocation. In his present position as assistant to the managing director of *Time-Life International*, he is in charge of the non-editorial affairs of *Life en Español*.



AMERICAS' globe-trotting assistant editor WALLACE B. ALIG, who has spent time both in Nassau and in the less frequently visited Out Islands, sums up the current situation in "The Bahamas Today." Starting with the *Daily Princetonian* during his undergraduate days, Iowa-born Mr. Alig has written for various magazines and newspapers in the United States and abroad, and was at one time an editor and writer for the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Until his new daughter grows big enough to carry her own suitcase, he will probably remain close to Washington.

In the book section, *Divine Horsemen*, Maya Deren's study of the Voudoun religion, is analyzed by EVA THOBY-MARCELIN. Cultural-relations assistant at the U.S. Embassy in Port-au-Prince from 1945 to 1947 and now with the United States Information Agency in Washington, she is the wife of the noted Haitian novelist Philippe Thoby-Marcelin. JOSÉ GÓMEZ SICRE, chief of the PAU visual-arts section, discusses the new Orozco biography by MacKinley Helm. Poet, critic, and translator MUNA LEE, a frequent contributor to our pages, reviews *High Jungles and Low*, by Archie Carr.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.

braceros

farm for Mexico

Verne A. Baker

ALONG THE WEST COAST of Mexico, from Nogales on the Arizona border in Sonora south through the states of Sinaloa and Nayarit to Guadalajara in Jalisco, an agricultural revolution is under way. One sees local farmers astride new tractors or bulldozers, cultivating the land or leveling it for irrigation, spraying crops to control insect pests or spreading chemical fertilizer to restore its productive power. *Braceros*, or farm hands, returning from work in neighboring U.S. states, are rapidly taking the lead in applying these new methods they have learned, bringing prosperity to themselves and brightening the outlook for the nation's food production. They may hold the key to Mexico's perennial agricultural problem, which has been marked by the movement of dissatisfied rural workers to the cities or abroad in search of better wages or working conditions.

In 1943 the United States and Mexico signed an agreement on recruiting Mexicans to work on U.S. farms where sufficient local help could not be found—a practice begun in 1942 under a wartime arrangement. In the first year of the peacetime program, 35,345 Mexicans came north, and the figure rose sharply thereafter, topping 197,000 in 1952. After completing their contract period in the United States, many of the men have used their earnings to go into farming for themselves at home. Mexico is helping to insure the success of their operation by furnishing land, water, and new highways. Practically all the men have picked up some English, plus experience equivalent to an intense vocational agriculture course.

At the start, it may have seemed to Mexico that the U.S. employers were the principal beneficiaries of the

Near Navojoa, Sonora State, irrigation canal waters rich, perfectly leveled new farmland. Thousands of ducks winter nearby



international hiring plan, but now it turns out that Mexico is the long-run winner. The step from the wooden, ox-drawn plow (still the prevalent cultivation tool in many areas) to modern diesel-powered farm machinery is shorter than it seems, and the new farming practices are opening up the possibility of Mexico's becoming a major agricultural producer. Currently, though, much of Mexico, like Texas, is suffering from the effects of prolonged drought.

In the beginning, the migratory program was not so successful. Many of the Mexicans recruited were unsuited for the work. Often they were barbers or taxi drivers, or had filled other city jobs and were not physically qualified for hard farm labor. Then too, there were occasions for complaint by the Mexican Government about the men's working or living conditions. But the first recruits were soon replaced by capable men from the smaller towns, and generally things have worked out well between the U.S. farmers and these men employed in planting and harvesting their crops.

Several cities in agricultural areas of Mexico are designated as recruiting centers, with Guadalajara and Monterrey the largest. Mexican Government officials make the initial selection, then a U.S. Government agent gives his approval. Afterward, the men are transported to contract centers on the U.S. border, where employers can select or reject whom they like, and workers are free to refuse job offers. The employer must pay transportation and subsistence costs from the recruiting center in Mexico to the work site and back after completion of the job. Workers are given a six-month, renewable contract. They are not allowed to bring their families with them, nor can they jump from one employer to another, but otherwise they face no restrictions in the United States.

In citrus areas the men are paid on a piece-work basis for picking oranges and lemons. The average wage per worker in Ventura County, California, last year was just over one dollar an hour. For other types of farm work in California they are paid seventy-five cents an hour and up. In the citrus zones large clean work camps are provided. The employer is allowed to charge no more than \$1.75 per day for their food, but the fare is good and the kind the men like. Generally about half the men want to renew their contracts. Many return to Mexico to protect land rights there.

It has been estimated that about 60 per cent of the money earned by the Mexican nationals in the United States is sent home—some sources put the figure at about thirty million dollars a year. Officials say that because of their wide distribution, these funds are even more helpful than all the tourist dollars.

Apart from those Mexicans who enter the United States in an approved, legal way, there are of course the hundreds of thousands of "wetbacks," or illegal immigrants, who cross the border on their own seeking work. The U.S. immigration officers sparsely scattered along the line make a gesture of keeping them out, but the job is impossible.

At the California frontier, "wetbacks" gather on the



Oxnard, California, provides modern camp for Mexicans who work in citrus groves under international agreement



At Fillmore camp, Ventura County, California, cooks serve tortillas and other Mexican foods the way braceros like them



Santa Paula camp offers expert medical attention to Mexican contract workers



In Ventura County, Mexicans harvest U.S. lemon crop. Many are now applying modern methods learned here on own farms at home

Mexican side of New River, just south of Calexico. When it is dark they simply cross the stream and skirt the town, and they are in the Imperial Valley. The same sort of thing happens in the other border states.

Usually Imperial Valley farmers are delighted to see the Mexicans and put them to work at once. As a result—to the disgust of labor leaders and the annoyance of growers in other parts of the state—wages for farm work are lower in the Imperial Valley than anywhere else in California. Cotton workers there and around Yuma, Arizona, make sixty-five to seventy cents an hour as compared with a dollar an hour in West Fresno County. The employers generally like the men, for, as one told me, "The Mexican wetback is the hardest-working farm laborer in the world. After all, the only thing he wants is work."

In some instances employers have failed to pay for the work performed, and in such cases the illegal immigrants have little or no recourse. But these are the exception. Generally the farmers have been fair and honest with the Mexicans; many have also provided living quarters and aid in time of need.

The Immigration Service constantly rounds up groups of "wetbacks" and ships them across the border to Mexico, but many return again and again and often manage to penetrate far inland. One who was finally picked up and sent back to Mexico from a large farm in West Fresno County was on the job again two months later, welcomed "home" by the boss, who knew him as a good worker. After all, nine dollars a day was considerably better than the eight pesos (ninety-three cents) he could have averaged in Mexico. Many, however, have lost their lives in the dangerous trek north across the burning desert sands.

The "wetback" problem seems to be too big for either the United States or Mexico to settle. Throwing the men in jail hasn't helped, and perhaps isn't even fair. They are not vagrants. They want work. U.S. farmers strenuously object to any law that would make them responsible for determining the citizenship of their workers. The present law cannot be made effective despite the best efforts of the Immigration Service. Possibly the future will see new and workable laws, but the only real solution lies in making farming in Mexico sufficiently rewarding so that the men will want to stay home. So the agricultural improvements introduced by the workers who went north legally on contract may in the long run be a big factor in solving the problem of their unauthorized fellow migrants. So far, however, the chronic unemployment or underemployment in the old producing areas that provide most of the surplus workers remains unrelieved, for the improved techniques have been mainly confined to new farming areas, which have absorbed only a limited number of workers because of the high degree of mechanization. But Mexico is working hard to open up additional land and resettle farmers from overcrowded zones—whether individuals on tiny farms or members of *ejidos* (collective farms) that are too small for the group.

The states of Sonora and Sinaloa and the new one

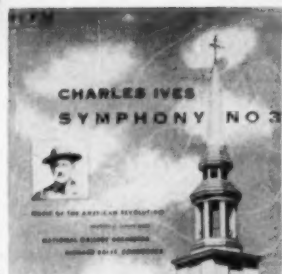
of Baja California have been helped most by returning *braceros*. Irrigation is all-important there and many government projects are assuring ample cheap water. Almost unlimited quantities of potential agricultural land remain in mesquite—excellent alluvial soil, for the most part, with level land costing comparatively little to develop into good farming land—and the climate is suitable for raising most staples and many specialties. Cotton, wheat, citrus, and other crops are grown in much the same way as on the farms where the men have worked in California and Arizona.

A trip down the west coast of Mexico now shows a country vastly different from what it was a few years ago. A good hard-surfaced highway is almost completed all the way from Nogales south to Mexico City, along the general route of the railroad. New bridges are spanning the numerous rivers and washes. New trucks are carrying produce on highways where little or nothing had been transported over the old rutty roads. But the overwhelming change the visitor notices upon his return after a few years' absence is the presence of new farms carved out of the mesquite and now in heavy crop production. Places that until recently were only villages now boast that they are the fastest-growing cities on the North American continent. This is particularly true of Mexicali in Baja California and Ciudad Obregón in Sonora. Flourishing farms made possible by a government development program emphasizing dam and highway construction and credit extension are responsible. The Ministry of Hydraulic Resources reports that as a result of the two-and-a-half billion pesos invested in the irrigation program over the past six years, the area benefited throughout the country has been raised from just over two million acres in 1946 to 3,840,000 acres by the end of 1952. A new major development project planned for the Fuerte River Valley in Sinaloa will make available land that should be very suitable for such staple crops as wheat, rice, cotton, flax, sugar cane, and alfalfa, and many specialties such as winter tomatoes, which are now shipped north to the States from around Culiacán, farther south.

The type of farm operation suitable to these areas being opened up by large irrigation projects is not one that can be carried on efficiently, if it can be done at all, with two oxen and a single plow. It requires machinery, most of which will be U.S. machinery. There will be caterpillar and wheel tractors, huge land planes to level the land, and other modern farm implements. The operators of this machinery will be men who know how. All the experienced workers need is help in the form of credit, and the government's National Agricultural and Livestock Credit Bank is there to provide it.

In many areas throughout this west-coast country, the farmers and development people have not even waited for the coming of canal water from the dams, many of which are not yet completed. They have cleared the land of mesquite and brush with bulldozers and let contracts to well-drillers for irrigation wells. On many farms you see shiny new turbine pumps and stationary

(Continued on page 30)



**musical
rebel**

Once a prophet without honor, Charles Ives is now considered greatest living U. S. composer

Nicolas Slonimsky

AS A DEDICATION for his *Essays Before a Sonata* Charles Ives wrote: "These prefatory essays were written by the composer for those who can't stand his music—and the music for those who can't stand his essays; to those who can't stand either, the whole is respectfully dedicated."

This sonata, with which Ives challenged the musical public, is subtitled "Concord, Massachusetts, 1840-60." Its four movements bear the names of U.S. writers of the Concord group: Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and Thoreau. The music is as difficult to play as it is unconventional in technique. In the Hawthorne movement the pianist is instructed to use a strip of wood to sound two octaves of notes in one chord. The style varies from simple hymnlike tunes to complex combinations of sounds that cannot be classified by any system of modern harmony. The Alcotts movement is inspired by the "fate motive" of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which the Alcott sisters liked so much. Ives remarks about the Emerson movement: "A metronome cannot measure Emerson's mind and oversoul, any more than the old Concord Steeple Bell could."

In this observation lies the essence of every piece of music Ives wrote. To him music is a transcendental expression of the universal soul, not to be measured in materialistic terms of notes and tempo. But since Ives is an American, he looks at the universe from America. The subject of his works is American; their source of inspiration belongs to all mankind.

In his orchestral set *Three Places in New England*, Ives draws a vast panorama of this universal Americanism. The first movement bears the name of Boston Common, with a particular reference to the St. Gaudens monument to Colonel Shaw and his colored regiment. The second movement portrays Putnam's Camp in Redding, Connecticut, with its Revolutionary memories. The third is "The Housatonic River at Stockbridge," in which once again the Beethoven "fate motive" is the dominant theme. Here, as in the *Concord Sonata*, American tunes in simple harmonies are placed in juxtaposition with the most extraordinary outbursts of sound, with conflicting tonalities thrown together and rhythms torn to shreds. If this be chaos, it is the chaos of American life, which cannot be represented by nicely ordered harmonies. Indeed, the word "nice" is the ultimate term of opprobrium in the vocabulary of Charles Ives. When he wants to express his distaste for some composer, he says that he composes like "a nice old lady."

The technical devices applied by Ives in *Three Places in New England*, in *Concord Sonata*, and in works like *Lincoln*, *the Great Commoner*, *The Fourth of July*, *The*

Masses, *Washington's Birthday*, and *An Election* are those of polytonality, atonality, and polyrhythmy. Such procedures are now accepted idioms of modern music, but they did not even have a name when Ives wrote these works in the early years of this century. Historically speaking, he is a pioneer of modern music, an individual discoverer of effective harmonic applications that gradually found their way into general use. Ives stopped writing music about 1930 when his illness—diabetes—made it impossible for him to handle the pen. And after that it took some years before the spirit of the times caught up with his prophetic innovations.

Ives is the son of George Ives, the band leader who played for Abraham Lincoln. When Lincoln asked General Grant what he thought of the band, Grant made the famous reply: "I know only two tunes: one is *Yankee Doodle*, and the other isn't."

The elder Ives was an extraordinary person. Never satisfied with things as they were, he was a born experimenter in music. Once he broke his band into several sections and placed them in a church steeple, on the village green, and on the roof of a building on Main Street in Danbury, the Connecticut town where Charles Ives was born in 1874. He let them play variations of traditional hymns such as *Greenland's Icy Mountains* or *Jerusalem the Golden*, with little thought of euphony. The memory of this exhilarating music-making lingered in Ives' mind, and he brought it out in the second movement of *Three Places in New England*. There he had two orchestral sections play a march tune at two different speeds, so that three bars of one section equaled four bars of the other. In order to conduct this musical episode properly, the leader has to beat different measures with each hand, four bars with the right hand against three bars with the left. No wonder orchestral conductors were slow at tackling the Ives scores in public performance.

Father Ives was fascinated by the natural sounds of the countryside. He tried to catch the true pitch of the village church bells. He found that the ordinary scale was not good enough, and proceeded to work out a machine that could produce quarter tones. He attached twenty-four violin strings tuned in quarter tones to a wooden frame, but it did not seem to give the true pitch heard in church bells, and he soon abandoned the attempt. Charles Ives, too, investigated the possibilities of quarter tones and wrote three pieces in this manner.

Ives learned the rudiments of music from his father, and played the drums in the band as a boy. He also studied the organ, and at the age of twelve gave a recital in the Danbury church. Later he received thorough academic training at the Yale University School of Music under the guidance of Horatio Parker. He wrote a symphony that is entirely conventional in idiom but demonstrates a complete mastery of technique. Those critics who believe that the harmonic wildness of Ives' later scores shows ignorance of musical laws can be reassured by an examination of this early symphony. Great innovating forces spring not from ignorance but from a higher knowledge.



Manuscript of Three Page Sonata. Ives' scrawled comment at repeat sign: "Back to first theme—all nice sonatas must have first theme"



Printed version of Three Page Sonata. Editor's note says it "pokes fun at conventional sonata form, yet is a genuine sonata movement"

After completing his formal education, Ives did not settle down as a professional composer. He got a job as an insurance clerk, and found this supposedly unpoetic occupation fascinating because he had to deal with people. He made rapid progress and soon established a co-partnership—the Mutual Life Insurance Company. He prospered moderately, and from the proceeds of the business set aside enough money to publish some of his compositions. No price and no copyright registry are listed in his first volume, *114 Songs by Charles E. Ives*. The earliest of these songs is dated 1889, when Ives was fifteen. A note in the collection stated simply: "This book is privately printed and is not to be sold or put on the market. Complimentary copies will be sent to anyone as long as the supply lasts. As far as the music is concerned, anyone (if he be so inclined) is free to use it, copy it, transpose or arrange it for other instruments."

Publication of the *Concord Sonata* followed, and copies were again distributed gratis. Subsequent works of Charles Ives were published by the *New Music Quarterly*,

a noncommercial venture dedicated to the publication of ultra-modern works. It was only after 1940, when his music became comprehensible to musicians and Ives was hailed as a genius by hard-headed critics, that commercial publishers woke up to the opportunity and began publishing his compositions on a business basis.

Soon music by Ives began to be performed in concert halls. John Kirkpatrick, a devoted young pianist, spent two years learning the epic *Concord Sonata* and played it, from memory, in New York on January 20, 1939. Lawrence Gilman wrote in the *Herald Tribune*: "This Sonata is exceptionally great music—it is, indeed, the greatest music composed by an American, and the most deeply and essentially American in impulse and implication."

The *Concord Sonata* was recorded by Kirkpatrick for Columbia. A still earlier piano sonata was soon published and recorded. Ives became much more than a name and a legend. Eagerly, the sophisticated musical public bought the available Ives music and recordings. Indeed, Ives, the most uncommercial of all composers, became a source of comfortable profit to music publishers and phonograph companies. This consummation is not only a tantalizing paradox, but a demonstration of the truth that really great music is inevitably destined to become popular.

In 1947, Ives received the Pulitzer Prize for his Third Symphony, written thirty-six years earlier. It was not easy, however, to foist worldly honors on Charles E. Ives. He met delegates of the Pulitzer Prize Commission with the comment: "Prizes are only for kids. I am grown up."

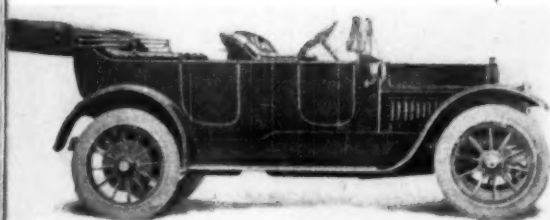
Ives lives far from the madding crowd. Partly because of his illness, but mostly because of his individual way of life, he shies away from personal contact with the official world. Only once did he attend a performance of his works. He has no radio in his home in New York City or in his country house in West Redding, Connecticut.

For more than twenty years he has not heard any public concerts. He is blissfully unaware of what is going on in the musical world. He has no interest in following the developments of new schools of composition, except for the work of a very few American composers of his generation whose music is as unfamiliar to the public as his own once was. In his home he keeps only Beethoven scores and other classics.

Ives is equally aloof from the everyday happenings in the world at large. He does not read daily newspapers, and his only source of information is the *London Spectator*, to which he subscribes. When he went to Europe in the autumn of 1932, he cut off even this contact with the news. He learned about Roosevelt's election accidentally from a French innkeeper.

His wife, Harmony Twichell-Ives, protects him from the excitements of the world. She administers the daily shots of insulin without which he could not live, and takes care of his mail. On rare occasions, they entertain visiting friends, a highly selected group, for Ives does

(Continued on page 41)



Harrods
(Buenos Aires)-L^{td}



FLORIDA 877

Buenos

Aires

childhood

E. W. H. Lumsden

THE LAST TIME I saw Buenos Aires it had horsecars and horse-drawn cabs, and Villa Devoto, where the jail is now, was a semirural village of unpaved streets. I hesitate to mention this any more, because when I do people look at me as though I were Rip Van Winkle. Yet that's the way it was thirty-five or forty years ago. On the other hand, there were airplanes in Buenos Aires then, piloted no doubt by reckless young sports who would take a chance with anything so long as it was new; and a subway, too, and commuters.

I know, because my father was one of the commuters. He—and hundreds of other office workers like him—commuted by horsecar and train. The horsecar was a lone survivor of its species, and happened to be the shortest and most economical means of transportation between his office and the railway station. It was owned and operated by an understandably irritated old man; every morning and every evening the commuters would pile into his trolley, and more often than not forget to pay him as they dashed out at the other end of the line for their office or the station.

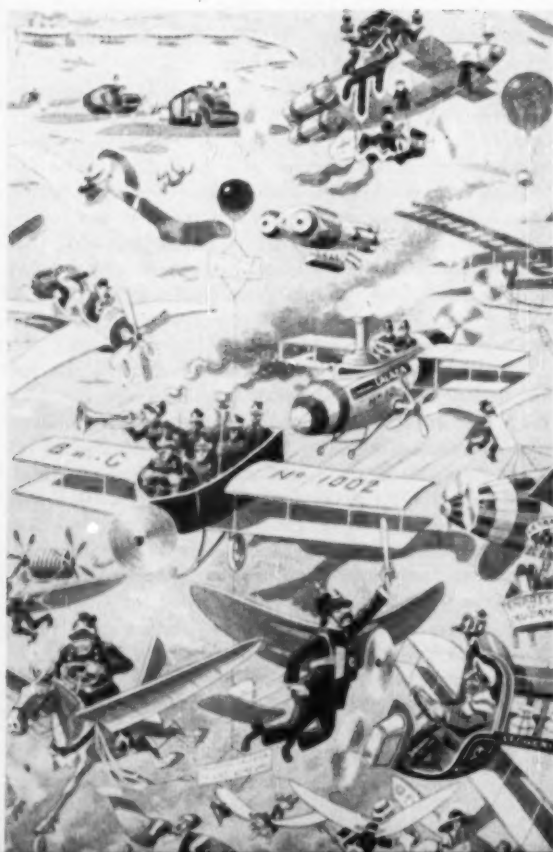
The commuters who boarded the train at Retiro Station for the evening ride to the suburbs did not play bridge or canasta, but they had another way of losing money to each other. Two trains left simultaneously on parallel tracks, so the commuters laid bets on which would pass a certain point first. The odds worked out by the cognoscenti made it a profitable game when they could find a new commuter to work it on.

There was another difference about Buenos Aires commuting in those days—no autos to meet the commuters at the station. In fact, no autos anywhere except for a few in the city. There would not have been many places to drive them, anyway, for the only vehicles that could traverse the deep mud of the Villa Devoto streets were high-wheeled oxcarts.

It was just such a vehicle that brought our family belongings from the Devoto railway station when we moved out into the suburbs. I suppose the house was quite a small one, but it seemed big to me when I first saw it from the back of the oxcart where I sat dangling my legs; in fact, for years after we left Argentina for other places I thought it was the finest house I had ever lived in, and regretted I could not spend the rest of my life there and grow up to be an *argentino* instead of a *yanqui*.

Like most of its contemporaries, it consisted of a single row of rooms, some five or six, all opening on a long covered porch, from which the hot sun was excluded by the thick matting of honeysuckle on the trellis. About the house was a garden—a children's garden, kept just neat enough to be habitable, without being parklike. Screened from the road by thick hedges, it harbored an inexhaustible supply of red and pink and white roses; bright green ferns carpeted the shady corners; great sprawling geraniums, so vigorous with life that some, cast out on the dirt road, sprouted and flourished there, sprang up wherever there was a vacant space; there were pungent lemon trees and a single orange tree that had strayed too far south, which produced a single orange each year; and four fig trees and a row of peach trees to which my mother liked to go in the morning to supplement her breakfast when the fruit was in season.

Animal life was abundant too, of course—and children,



"The Triumph of Aviation" is title of 1913 cartoon in Argentine magazine depicting traffic problems of the future

Buenos Aires postman, vintage 1913

"... Occasionally, a gaucho trotted by on his way to or from the city, for there were still gauchos then. . . ."



being smaller and closer to the ground, notice birds and bugs and such things so much more carefully than adults do. I remember flashing hummingbirds, and some others that had gaudy colors but no song, and a long-legged type that made a noise like a steam whistle (I leave it to the ornithologists to name the species). At night fumbling bats emerged, and a stealthy owl lived on the roof. Then there were insects: flies in great black swarms that came into the rooms with the sunshine and were ejected by a line-up of the whole household flapping dishcloths at them; wasps that warred on the ants; and the tiny *bichos colorados* that hid in the grass until a passing human offered them flesh to bore into. Most interesting of all to me were the heavy, flopping, dry, gray-green toads; I had one who was a particular pet, and for whom I caught flies. And then there was also our ant-eater, Carlos Antonio by name.

Presiding over the garden was an old, old gardener—so old that when he stood up from his digging he leaned over backwards. He claimed to have fought the Indians in the wild South in his youth, and quite probably had, although Rosa, our Indian maid from Tucumán, jeered at his stories.

Beyond the garden hedge ran two dirt roads. They must have been important highways, because there was always something for us children to watch—so much, that we wore a hole in the bottom of the hedge at the corner. Here we could squat and see gorgeously uniformed cavalry men under uhlan helmets riding toward the neighboring barracks; and once a day the mailman swayed by placidly in his sheepskin saddle, sorting his mail while the piebald horse wandered lazily from house to house.

At intervals, the soft earth of the road was churned by tradesmen's carts, or by hooded, huge-wheeled oxcarts, or by the plodding cows and the tired, muzzled,

bleating calves of the milkman, who milked the supply of each customer separately.

Occasionally, a gaucho trotted by on his way to or from the city, for there were still gauchos then, albeit of a milder sort than the ones Sarmiento wrote about. I recall watching a gaucho who went by one morning leading a young horse, which broke loose and scampered up the road with the owner riding in pursuit, whirling his *boleadoras* about his head. He let fly the weighted cords, which spun about the fleeing horse's legs and brought the animal crashing on its neck opposite the refuge where I was a dispassionate observer. Another matter that interested me for some weeks was the daily passing by of an evil-looking Italian workman, always leading two unwashed and unhappy children—till one day he came by without the children, intently cleaning a revolver with a dirty rag as he walked. Thereafter he passed our way no more.



Even the airplane sometimes gave way to the horsecart



After the horsecart, the steam car. Inaugurating one of the new trolleys on the Necochea line in 1913

The aftermath of a downpour was sure to find one of us keeping a vigil under the dripping hedge. For then the road became a bog, forcing the grocer and butcher and baker to take, like the mailman, to horseback, as often as not with no other equipment than a halter with a rope tied to it. Our butcher, in particular, never wasted time on nonessentials; sometimes, if no one answered his hail quickly enough, he would simply impale the meat on the iron spikes of our big garden gate and ride off. It was up to Rosa to get to the gate before the dogs did.

What we especially watched for, however, was to find some unfortunate oxcart driver struggling to get his wagon out of the peculiarly soft, deep boghole outside our house. We would sit for an hour watching him trot lightly about the mud—the dexterity with which these men trod the mud in their flimsy straw sandals was something I often tried unsuccessfully to emulate—goad-

ing and swearing at his oxen. Sometimes we would go into the house for lunch, and return to find the same driver still struggling patiently to move his vehicle. Indeed, there was real excitement in seeing whether the fellow would get away, or whether the approach of dusk would compel him to unhitch his team and leave his wagon forlornly listing in the mud, to be squeaked at by the derisive frogs.



In the days of the author's childhood, the popular professor Don Caseo Matella and his pupils were photographed discovering the secrets of the "new art"

But the highlights for us children were the periodic trips to the Big City, six miles away by train. We would perhaps be taken to the zoo in Palermo Park and treated to a ride on the miniature train. Next we would have lunch in either Harrod's or Gath y Chaves, the two big department stores, and in the evening would meet Father, who would take us to a "real" restaurant, where our parents would have a whisky and soda apiece, and we would have the soda without the whisky and—supreme pleasure—feast on olives and potato chips (it wasn't until we left Buenos Aires that we became acquainted with ice cream and U.S. soft drinks). Then wonderful steaks for dinner, of course; and the expedition would end with a stately trip to the railway station in an open carriage. Occasionally I would manage to negotiate the privilege of making the trip sitting up with the coachman.

Back in Villa Devoto again, we abandoned such elegance, and had to walk home from the station. This was hardest on my mother, for ladies were wearing hobble skirts in those days, which made it none too easy to step across the mud holes in the sidewalks. In fact, I recall one evening when she fell flat on her face in the mud. We children would have thought it very funny if it had happened to a stranger, but when our mother did it we thought it very undignified, and were glad there were no street lights or nearby houses.

Our closest neighbor in Villa Devoto was Don Bartolo, a big, white-haired Italian whose mustachios made him look a good deal like King Umberto on the olive-oil cans. He owned considerable property in the suburb, including the house we lived in, but he and his sons and his tiny mother all worked every day in the truck garden that probably had been the original source of their livelihood.

Most of the better Devoto homes had windmills that pumped the water for household consumption, but Don Bartolo did not believe in such extravagance. Every

(Continued on page 27)



THE BAHAMAS TODAY

Wallace B. Aliq

THE BRITISH COLONY of the Bahamas, off the coast of Florida, has built its reputation as a swank winter resort for the rich whites of the United States and Europe while 90 per cent of the inhabitants, of Negro stock, have remained poor and backward. As African slaves, their forebears were brought to the islands in the eighteenth century to work the lucrative cotton plantations, many of which were owned by royalists who had fled to the Bahamas before and during the American Revolution. Then boll weevil destroyed the crops in 1788 and 1794, and cotton began to decline. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, an abolition movement had taken hold in the colony, forcing many landowners to emigrate. When the slaves were freed in 1838, the plantation economy received its death blow. Many of the freedmen,

overcome with their good fortune, refused to work and retired to remote areas. Pests contributed to the further decay of agricultural enterprises. Since then, except for briefly prosperous periods as a base for blockade-runners helping the Confederates during the Civil War and as a bootleggers' headquarters during Prohibition, the Bahamas have had to rely on tourism as their main source of income. It has been a seasonal, selfish, and parasitic economy, but one that, all things considered, was largely inevitable. Today, however, rumblings of change in the islands mark a turn for the better.

Tourism is, and will continue to be, the main industry. But instead of flourishing only during the winter from December through April as in the past, leaving a lag in employment during the summer months, it is now a year-

round business that has boosted annual visitors' statistics over 50 per cent, with a substantial increase in local income and jobs. For a rest or vacation, Nassau, with a winter average daily maximum temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit and a summer average ten to twenty degrees higher, is ideal. Beautiful beaches, fine fishing, golf, tennis, and horse racing are all part of the attraction. There are also inviting shops offering local and foreign merchandise at tempting prices due to low tariffs. Over all is a British atmosphere of pomp and circumstance. In Nassau, the solar topee is regularly worn by the local constabulary, and all vehicular traffic, made up largely of small English automobiles, moves on the left. Some taxicabs and the telephone system are London imports. Boxing Day is celebrated, and occasions like the death of the monarch plunge the colony into deep gloom, whereas others, like the recent coronation, are opportunities for festive joy. The English language is spoken in accents that range in origin from the Hebrides to Land's End, and local architecture is predominantly Georgian. At Oakes Field, the chief airport, where U.S. pilots fly passengers in from Miami on "planes," the British perform the same job with "aircraft." In the various courts of law, judges and barristers don wigs and gowns as they dispose of their cases. All over the archipelago the tam and swagger stick are observed as symbols of British authority, and tea is a popular drink.

The history of the New World began in the Bahamas, for Columbus made his first landfall there in October 1492. He arrived at "Guanahani," which he promptly renamed San Salvador. Precisely which island this has long been a subject of dispute. There are advocates for Cat Island, Turks Island, and others, but in 1926 the Bahamas Legislature gave official sanction to Watlings Island, which Bahamians universally call San Salvador. "This country," wrote the great navigator, "excels all others as far as the day surpasses the night in splendor."

In 1951, 68,452 tourists visited the colony, 82 per cent of them from the U.S.A.



Beautiful, curving beaches are strategic part of the Bahamas' main industry, tourism



Bay Street, Nassau, is lined with fine shops, many of which are operated by elected members of the Bahamas House of Assembly

At proclamation of Elizabeth II as Queen of Britain, Sir Robert A. R. Neville, Governor of Bahamas (right), takes salute in Nassau public square





Shutters shade houses from the blazing Bahamian sun. Picturesque architecture, mostly Georgian, is protected by law

He found that "the natives [Lucayan and Arawak Indians] love their neighbors as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable; their faces are always smiling; and so gentle and affectionate are they" that he swore "there is not a better people in the world." Whereupon Spain took possession of the islands and bundled the natives off to slave labor in the mines of Hispaniola, where they soon died.

From then until 1627, when Charles I of England included the Bahamas in a grant made to Sir Robert Heath, the islands were practically ignored except for a visit by Ponce de León on his way to discover Florida. Shortly before 1650 the Company of Eleutherian Adventurers was formed in London for systematic development of the Colony. This led to the settlement of Eleuthera and of New Providence (where Nassau is located), whose sheltered harbor soon made it the chief port and largest community. Twenty years later, despite the efficiency with which the islands were being administered, Charles II gave them to the Duke of Albemarle and five other proprietors of the Territory of the Carolinas. This scheme was blocked by frequent attacks from the Spaniards and French, who joined forces in 1703 to conquer Nassau. At this time, New Providence became a pirate stronghold, headquarters for the notorious Edward Teach, alias Blackbeard, whose operations ranged along the east coast of the United States from the Outer Banks of North Carolina to the Caribbean. During this period, despite orders from England to expel the freebooters, little was done to protect the people; some of the governors even went so far as to enter privateering enterprises. Hostility grew between populace and government until 1717, when pressure forced the proprietors to surrender their land to the King. He immediately sent Captain Woodes Rogers, an honest soldier-of-fortune, to restore order.

The next year was the starting point for a continuous line of royal governors under whom the Bahamas constitution, already fifty years old by that time, was revised. These changes resulted in the colony's motto: *Expulsis Piratis Restituta Commercia* (Commerce Is To Be Restored by Expelling the Pirates). Set up finally in 1729, the islands' charter today limits the powers of the governor in such a way that the people enjoy repre-

sentative, though not responsible, government. It is a constitution that has undergone much scrutiny of late by the English themselves and by many international lawyers, and one that distinguishes the Bahamas (together with Bermuda and Barbados, two other vacationers' paradises, which have similar constitutions) from other British colonies.

Recently the Bahamas received censure from certain quarters when they decided not to join the incipient West Indian Federation. As a matter of fact, and contrary to popular belief, they are not even in the West Indies, an archipelago made up mostly of separately administered individual islands enclosing the Caribbean Sea. The Bahamas, with twenty-nine islands, 661 cays, and 2,387 rocks, are a little archipelago of their own, an Atlantic coral group stretching under blue skies 760 sun-dazzled miles of emerald water and bleached sand from just off Palm Beach, on the Florida mainland, to the north coast of Haiti. The vast territory encompassed, together with poor communications and transportation, make Grand Bahama Island as remote from Bimini, in the same group, as if they were in two different worlds. Weekly mail boats originating in Nassau, chartered planes, or occasional freighters and schooners are the only way to reach the outlying islands. Even with radio and the airplane, the native on Andros is a stranger to his countryman on Acklins. Although the aggregate land surface of the group (some 4,375 square miles) is slightly



Church plays important part in island life, providing education in communities where there are no government schools

smaller than that of Jamaica, the largest of the British West Indian islands, the problems the Bahamas face, while akin to those of their sister colonies, are rendered distinct by the wide dispersion of their territory.

The other side of the Bahamas, the one the vacationer rarely considers or thinks about, is rather less imposing than the façade of Nassau, where over 40 per cent of the islands' total population of seventy-five thousand is undesirably crowded. To their credit, the Out Islands

of the Bahamas (as the land outside of New Providence is known) do a sizable business in lumber, crawfish, salt, straw and shell work, and tomatoes. But, generally speaking, in comparison to the people of the capital, where large quantities of U.S. dollars circulate, their inhabitants are wretchedly poor and life is geared to the economic limitations of a British colony. Strikingly beautiful to behold—with their blinding white brilliance dimmed only by clusters of palms—the Out Islands, with the possible exception of Andros, where there are streams, are parched and thirsty for water, most of which has to



Hobby Horse Hall, Nassau race track, features island horses, draws both society and native population

be caught from the rain. In their waters offshore, there abound many fascinating and rare examples of marine life that have attracted scientists and naturalists from all parts of the world.

Many of the Out Islands are without administrative, medical, or social guidance, not necessarily from British or local neglect, but often because their communities are remote, scattered, small, and, to a certain extent, temporary. Except for Nassau, there is no sizable congregation of people in the colony. Most of the Out Islanders are fishermen drifting from island to island on their picturesque schooners or truck farmers attempting to cultivate a poor soil beset with droughts and hurricanes. Because few know anything yet about crop rotation, what patches of land they cultivate are soon exhausted, and they are forced to move on. They take their children with them, or put them to work, and education suffers. There is considerable juvenile delinquency and a good deal of venereal disease. Malnutrition—the usual Out Island diet consists of chick peas, rice, hominy grits, potatoes, and fish—is the chief cause of the high incidence of tuberculosis.

The Bahamas are politically democratic, but, again, in such a way that they have aroused the ire of some liberal critics, not a few of whom tend to confuse the colony's particular problems with those of the British West Indies. There are no political parties, for example, as there are in Jamaica and Trinidad, and the secret written ballot, won under protest and with difficulty, has been in use

only since 1949. No suppression is implied here; it simply means that the bulk of the population has not reached the social stage of forming into and joining political groups. Rare is the Bahamian man on the street who feels he has a duty to the masses as a whole. Hence the absence of political leadership with roots in the native population.

There is, however, universal male suffrage, limited by certain minimum property qualifications. While the governor is symbolically the head of government, he has only the right to veto, which in practice is never exercised. He is aided by an executive council and a legislative council, each made up of nine members, who, like the Out Island commissioners, are all appointed. Dominating the legislative power, and, therefore, the entire Bahamian political scene, be it noted, is the House of Assembly of twenty-nine members elected every seven years from fifteen districts, which also has a majority in the executive council. It is interesting to observe that candidates, to be elected to this, must have a clear estate worth at least \$560, which excludes virtually the entire



The Bahamas Police is a semi-military force, doubles as fire brigade. Officers (right) wear mourning bands for Queen Mary

native population. Since the Out Islands seldom return a member from their communities, their representatives are generally residents of Nassau, often merchants or businessmen with interests on Bay Street, the capital's main thoroughfare—which in local politics carries the derogatory significance that Wall Street bears elsewhere. On the other hand, the House's legislative power is somewhat counterbalanced by the legislative council, which, however, has no right to introduce or amend measures relating to expenditure of money or taxation.

Much criticism for the wide gap between the wealthy few and the poverty-ridden many has been leveled at the fact that there is no income tax in the colony. The Bahamas rely for their revenue largely on customs duties, harbor fees and licenses, and charges for such public services as post, telegraph, and telephone—a drop in the bucket for the rich, but a real hardship for the poor. The only forms of direct assessment are the prop-

(Continued on page 44)



TAKE BACK

Héctor Velarde

How did the accident happen?

"It was nothing special. We were going up through the highest reaches of the sierra when one of the rear tires blew out, and the car went over the cliff. Everyone but me was killed."

"And where did you wind up?"

"I climbed up and down Inca terraces all day, then after dark I saw a faint light. A hut. There I spent three enchanted months. I was very lucky." And the *gringo* Pitt, who had been given up for lost in Punta del Viudo (Widower's Point). Accident No. 48, told me the following story:

* * * *

From the hut emerged a very pretty mestizo girl, who asked in perfect Spanish: "Who are you?"

"I am Pitt, of the Eternit Pencilpoint Coconut Chingching Mining Company."

"Wait here." The girl went into the hut. Then she came out and said: "My uncle wants to know if you are a white man."

"Tell him I'm Greek."

"He says to come in."

I found myself face to face with a solemn old Indian, who, because I was Hellenic, trusted me completely.

"This is my niece, the daughter of a Galician woman and my brother Canchi, who was buried in a landslide. I am Pichán, the local doctor—the sorcerer, as the ignorant say. To judge by the bump on your skull, you must have come here thanks to the civilization of the wheel. The Greeks used it with moderation, but since then it has been much abused."

"Doctor, if you had known about the wheel, you would have advanced much further."

"Advanced where? Then you are another of those who believe we did not have the wheel?"

"So they assured me at Prinquant University."

"Ah, these university people!" exclaimed Pichán. "You must know, we were just as much aware of the wheel as anyone else; the thing is that we have used it only on a very small scale—first, because it wasn't neces-



YOUR WHEEL

sary, and second, because it is very dangerous."

"You were really acquainted with the wheel?"

"Of course. But, unlike you, we had the prudence not to roll it through these lofty mountains. We used it horizontally in tracing circles, in making stone disks and pottery wheels, in building our towers; very rarely and with many precautions we used it as a roller."

"And why were you so afraid of the wheel?"

"Because it wheels," Pichán replied with English humor. "Our nature is opposed to the wheel. Things should be applied when they really serve a purpose. The wheel, the carriage, the cart, were entirely useless, impracticable, to us in these marvelous regions of terraces, zigzags, peaks, gorges, and ups and downs. What did we need them for? And then, what could we use to pull the carts and carriages? The llama? No. The llama is not a draft animal, and happily we did not have horses or burros or, consequently, mules, to complicate things. As for having carts and carriages and pushing them oneself on the upgrades or holding them back on the downgrades, I do not consider this a solution that would give us much contentment. Here man operates always on inclined planes, and what we need is the stairway; the wheel is about as useful as Ambrosio's worthless carbine. Finally, it is never a good idea to run counter to the nature of things. The wheel would have hindered us in creating our peaceful, contemplative, and happy civilization. We would have been like you."

"And what are we like?"

"Disrupted. As soon as you people began with carpentry—which, by the way, never beguiled us—the fate of the West was sealed. Carpentry unleashed the wheel, and this is where you went too far. I won't even mention chariots and pulleys. Ah, the wheel has been very harmful to humanity. Think of all the trouble it's caused."

Right here I thought of tires.

"If curves are a great danger, what must we say of wheels!" sighed Pichán.

"Yes, indeed," I replied. "Adam was ruined by curves. First the serpent, then the apple, and finally woman. You're right. The Egyptians, who knew so much, scarcely

used curves; later, the Greeks were very cautious with the arch, using it only in sewers and a few bridges for purely pragmatic purposes, never in lasting monuments."

"Certainly," answered Pichán. "Whatever is round runs, and whatever runs out of control brings ruin. If money were square instead of round, men would be more honest. The Wheel of Fortune has been the unluckiest of all wheels. The dominion of man over the wheel reached its acme when he got up on a bicycle. Can you see me riding a bicycle on these terraces?"

"Impossible," I murmured. "But what about progress?"

"What does that consist in?"

"In making machines with wheels so that man doesn't have to work."

"What would have become of us?" asked Pichán. "How would our twenty million Indians, who lovingly cultivated the whole Empire, have spent their time? What disorder would have been created! Ah, the wheel, the wheel, what a calamity—to make the good earth tremble with the monstrous misfortune of the Caterpillar tractor, to madden the quiet skies with the stupid vehemence of the propeller! That it should come to this! And for what? So the very inventors of the wheel could smash themselves up with it."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the niece.

"Yes, indeed," I murmured. "There could never have been a Hitler without the wheel."

"Who was that?" asked Pichán.

"A barbarian."

"Of what tribe?"

"Yours."

"Yours, you must mean."

"Don't excite yourselves," interposed the girl. "My uncle is somewhat nervous."

"Sorry."

* * *

"Well, Mr. Pitt, and how did your adventure end?"

"It didn't. I stayed there three months, they cared me with magic herbs, and the little niece, who has been giving me weaving lessons, and I . . . I'm going back tomorrow. I spend all my weekends there." ♦ ♦ ♦



Young Brazilian gets desperately needed milk from UNICEF. In July UN made agency permanent, and for first time it won support of Soviet Union and Poland

The world looks out for its children

*On its eighth birthday, the
United Nations can be proud of
what it has done for youngsters
all over the earth*

TO SAY THAT in the past three and a half years the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund has earmarked over eight million dollars for the Latin American region is merely to begin the story. The best way to learn the rest of it would be to travel from the highland villages of Mexico to the hamlets of southern Chile and see firsthand the thousands of healthy youngsters who but for this huge international cooperative would today be part of the infant mortality statistics.

UNICEF is one more example of the way the members of the United Nations are pulling themselves up by their own intertwined bootstraps. All the receiving countries match the value of UNICEF's aid with local services and supplies, and its projects are designed not as autonomous undertakings but as reinforcement for local efforts.

In drought-stricken northeastern Brazil, for instance, where state and federal budgets have been staggering under a steadily growing welfare load, the Fund is furnishing daily rations of milk and fish-liver-oil capsules for seventy thousand undernourished children and

mothers. This flow of supplies will be continued until mid-1954, when the Brazilian Government—already handling warehousing, transportation, and distribution—will take over the whole program. Meantime the Fund has provided further emergency aid in the form of equipment for two hundred rural clinics and supplies of diphtheria/whooping-cough vaccine. Under this year's budget, it will expand its operations by spending thirty-two thousand dollars on medical and food supplies for maternal and child health centers in the Amazon Valley states of Pará and Amazonas, where standards of living are exceptionally low and infant mortality ranges up to 393 per 1,000 live births.

UNICEF's efforts to boost vaccine production in Colombia are in line with the same policy of strengthening local services to the point where they can function effectively on their own. It has equipped the Samper Martínez Institute in Bogotá to produce enough diphtheria/whooping-cough vaccine to immunize four hundred thousand children a year. Now the spotlight is being



Near Lake Titicaca, Bolivian Indian dusts her baby with UNICEF-supplied DDT against typhus, fatal to one out of eight in that area



Technician Mario Millán distributes DDT in Achacachi, Bolivia. For twenty-five days team assiduously dusted buildings and people



UN medical advisors (two at right) help examine sample of BCG, tuberculosis vaccine, in Mexico City laboratory



Explaining modern obstetrical techniques to student nurses and midwives is part of UNICEF program for training health personnel

turned on smallpox, which in that country kills one out of every ten of its victims, 70 per cent of whom are children under ten. The apparatus being sent to the Institute this year will enable it to turn out enough glycerinated and dry vaccine (the latter for use in tropical areas where adequate refrigeration is not available) to inoculate two million children annually and reach 80 per cent of the total population within five years.

In Peru, UNICEF and the government have joined forces to do battle on whooping cough (particularly dangerous in the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain areas) and diphtheria. Besides helping to expand the vaccine-producing laboratories of the National Institute of Hygiene in Lima, UNICEF undertook to send enough vaccine, syringes, needles, sterilizers, and station wagons to get the campaign off to a flying start. Begun last July, this mass vaccination program is expected to be completed by the end of 1953.

Costa Rica has turned to UNICEF for help in solving one of its major nutrition problems—conserving the large

seasonal milk output of its central plateau, part of which is now wasted, for year-round marketing in all parts of the country. The solution decided on is a modern milk-drying plant which is now under construction in San José. The first of its kind in Costa Rica, the plant is expected to be in operation by next summer. UNICEF is furnishing a hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery and engineering guidance, while the government, besides providing the land, buildings, and personnel, has undertaken to buy four hundred thousand pounds of the annual milk-powder output for the first five years and use them to continue the feeding program for underprivileged mothers and children that UNICEF began in 1950. Under similar arrangements, the Fund has also fitted out milk-drying and pasteurization plants in Chile, Brazil, Ecuador, Honduras, and Nicaragua. All told, these plants will assure 250,000 children of a daily ration of pure milk by 1954.

Latin America's eagerness to stem the tide of tuberculosis is evident in the number of countries seeking



The pause that nourishes: rural school in Guatemalan highlands. One dollar will supply fifteen children with a daily glass of UNICEF milk for a week



Some fifty thousand young victims of Ecuadorean earthquake received blankets, soap, milk, and dried fish from UNICEF emergency project



UNICEF helped equip Colombia's Samper Martinez Institute to produce diphtheria and whooping-cough vaccine, cutting infant mortality

UNICEF's assistance for anti-TB campaigns—more than have asked for any other type of children's aid. Already nearly a million youngsters in Ecuador, Mexico, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Jamaica, Trinidad, and Tobago have been immunized against TB with BCG vaccine, and facilities for local production have been assembled in Ecuador, Mexico, and Uruguay. In Paraguay, where tuberculosis is one of the main direct causes of death, UNICEF has recently undertaken to help the government carry out a mass tuberculosis testing and BCG-vaccination campaign. Five teams will traverse the country for a period of one year, testing an estimated 350,000 persons between the ages of one and thirty and vaccinating about half that number. At the same time a nucleus of Paraguayan doctors and nurses will be trained to continue the struggle on a permanent basis.

These are only a few scattered samples of what UNICEF has been doing since it made its debut in Latin America after the Ecuadorean earthquake of August 1949. Allocations approved last March, besides supporting the projects already mentioned, are providing station wagons, bicycles, midwives' kits, drugs, and other



Cakchiquel Indians receive daily milk ration at clinic in Guatemala. Government matches value of UNICEF aid by meeting all warehousing and distribution costs

equipment for twelve badly needed maternal and child health centers in villages around Tarija and Oruro, Bolivia, and for a chain of similar rural health centers in Ecuador; daily milk rations for thousands of Chilean, Guatemalan, and Honduran school children; DDT for Haiti's war on malaria; and forty scholarships for Panamanian public-health trainees, who will work in the rural sections of the country, where at present there is only one public-health nurse for every twenty-three thousand persons.

Of course, what is happening in the Western Hemisphere is just one part of the picture. From Pakistan to Taiwan, China, UNICEF powdered milk and fish-liver-oil capsules are giving children a new chance for health. UNICEF insecticides and drugs are fighting yaws, trachoma, malaria, and leprosy from the Belgian Congo to Indonesia. And UNICEF-equipped maternal and child health centers are cutting down infant-mortality rates in Burma and the Philippines, Iraq and Turkey, Thailand and India. In less than seven years, the Fund has reached over sixty million children in seventy-seven countries and territories around the world.—M. G. R. ♦ ♦ ♦



LEGENDS OF THE AYMARA

*The strange religion of
Bolivia's highland people*

Fernando Diez de Medina

ONLY IN RECENT DECADES have scholars become curious about the remote origins of America. Geologists, chronologists, archeologists, are slowly and laboriously lifting the dark mantle that hides archaic time from view.

What do we know of those ancient civilizations, those fabulous theogonies, those heterogeneous peoples of North, Central, and South America, whose only link was their common fear of natural phenomena? Actually, very little. And although every country, or at least every geographic region, offers virgin fields for research on this subject, only Mexico and, to a lesser extent, Peru have carried on investigations of universal importance.

Few realize, for example, that Bolivia, although it was part of Greater Peru during colonial times, is a totally distinct area when it comes to pre-Columbian studies, and its peoples must not be confused with the Incas or the Quechuas.

Tahuantinsuyo—Empire of the Four Parts of the World—as the Indians poetically called the vast realm Pizarro destroyed, was formed much later than Kollasuyo, the empire of the remote ancestors of the Aymaras or Kollas, who dominated the Andes region centuries or

Tiahuanaco monolith of Pacha-Mama (Mother Earth), still revered by the Aymara



millenia before the rise of the Quechuas. The Incas are historical figures with whom the Spanish conquerors came face to face. The Kollas are half real, half mythical, because, although their descendants still live on the Bolivian *altiplano* or high plateau, there is complete ignorance about their monarchs and exploits.

The curious traveler who visits Peru and learns from the Quechuas that their Inca forebears were sun-worshippers, might think the Bolivian Indians were too. But such was not the case. If he manages to overcome the natural reticence of the region's people, he will learn that their ancestors adored not the sun but the earth, their fertile mother, and that before the Quechuas imposed the cult of the sun god, the mountains symbolized faith for the man of the Andes.



Ruins of staircase leading to Kalasasaya, the temple of the sun

The Indians have spoken all along of that cult of mother earth, but the colonial chroniclers, who misunderstood and suppressed many facts about Indian America, and the scholars of today, who attach little importance to the theogonic poetry of primitive races, have not shown much interest in the religious ideas of the Indian. They have concentrated on ruins and hieroglyphics, forgetting that often it is oral tradition that reveals the secrets of the past.

According to Aymara tradition, the first Andean Indians centered their animistic cult on the sierra—the powerful supreme deity whose spiritual empire extended from metaphysical matters to the political and social system. "Pacha" was the ancients' name for this god, who was mother earth, the lord of the world, time, the universe, all rolled into one. This was the oldest deity of the Kollas.

And where could the incarnation of that passionate cult of the earth be found? In the lofty topography, the perpendicular fields, the mountains near and far. The word Kolla comes from *kollo*, meaning a hill or something elevated. Thus the inhabitant drew his name from

the landscape, and the region echoed the prayer of the settler. The sierra, fountain of primitive esthetics, played a major role in awakening the Andean soul. Architecture, art, myths, ceramics, music, poetry, dances, all took their noble and simple forms from the severe profile of the cordillera. The proud, immutable mountains made the people who lived among them silent and stoic. We could not understand the origins of American gods if we failed to sense that ancient sacerdotal relationship between man and his surroundings.

When the earth wishes to manifest itself to its sons, it places the proud bulk of a mountain before their stupefied gaze. So the Indian, in times now lost in a haze of confusion, saw in the mountains the supreme expression of the soil, the living force of his ancestors, the sacred mother earth who presides over his life, sends him into the world, sustains him, and gathers him finally into her eternally protective arms. In the course of the ages, the original masculine god Pacha became the feminine deity Pacha-Mama, still revered by the natives. If the name means little to the insensitive ears of the scientific investigator, it awakens deep feeling in the

Incense burner with head of animal represents highest period of splendid Tiahuanaco civilization of the Aymara



childlike soul of the agricultural and pantheistic Indian.

Aymara legend begins with a story of seas and volcanoes. To the men of antiquity, every mountain, every snow-capped peak was a temple. Each has its legend and continues to be a sort of protective grandparent. Illimani (The Resplendent) and Sorata (The Sparkling) are the primordial peaks where the Andean theogony was born. Mururata (The Clipped-Off One) and Sajama (The Distant One) recall the cosmogonic struggle. But the oldest myth of all concerns Ka-Kaa-Ka (Rock Man), that sky-piercing pyramid of snow to the north of La Paz that we know today as Wayna-Potosí (The Young



Monolith dating from second Tiahuanaco period. Aymara believe that first Tiahuanaco was destroyed by gods to punish them for their sins

asks Élie Faure in his *History of Art*, "about the Creator sending animated statues into the world to civilize it? In no other account of creation can this profound myth be found."

The historical Tiahuanaco, born of the mythical one, was destroyed and rebuilt many times. It left its mark in the imposing ruins of Kalasasaya, Tunca-Punku, and Akhapana, so popular with archeologists and tourists.

The principal gods of the Andean pantheon are Pacha or Wirakocha, creator of the world; Kjuno, snow, the evil spirit who blankets the earth and causes rain and hailstorms; Wayra, the wind, messenger of the snow-capped peaks, always in disagreement with Pacha-Mama; Thunupa, spirit of good; Wira, the builder; Willka, the sun; Nina, fire; and the Apus—legendary heroes em-



Mt. Illampu. Surrounded by awesome nature, Aymara based their religion on the earth

Roarer). The Ka-Kaa-Ka, with its message that man is born of stone, that stone turns into man, is the key to telluric religion.

Titicaca (Rock of the Jaguar), sacred lake of the Incas shared today by Bolivia and Peru, was once the totemic sanctuary of the Kollas. It is believed to be an inland sea of the Mesozoic Age, imprisoned by the conquering mountains. Around Titicaca one hears the legend of Thunupa, the Andean Christ, who was stoned to death and abandoned on a drifting raft for preaching virtue and goodness to the early Aymaras.

The creator of the world, known first as Pacha and later as Pacha-Kamac, was transformed in the course of time into an anthropomorphic god—Wirakocha, the most universal of the Aymara deities. Maker of light, the earth, and man, he is reputed to have built the Andean world twice. After he created Tiahuanaco, the sacred city of stone, the inhabitants sinned and Wirakocha punished them by destroying the mythical metropolis. The second Tiahuanaco rose over the ruins of the first, and its giant flagstone monoliths are the sinners petrified by the Andean god. "Isn't there an Aymara legend,"

bodied in the mountains, the protective lords of the countryside.

What were the Andean Indian's ideas about volcanic phenomena? Wirakocha was supposed to have imprisoned the spirit of evil in a deep chasm and sealed the opening with a huge mountain. The prisoner protested continuously, and at times his maleficent power burst open the peak, sent fire through the jagged holes, and destroyed villages. But the mountain reasserted its divine attributes, silenced the prisoner, and kept him under control until human wickedness justified another eruption.

One legend holds that when plant blights had caused a famine, Pacha-Kamac told the Sapallas (a tribe of Kolla origin) that if they climbed to the top of a certain hill they would find a mysterious seed that would replace several of their primitive foods. The Sapallas obediently ascended the hill, collected the seed, and sowed it liberally on their lands. And that is how the potato, the great American tuber, made its appearance in the world. Here again we see the mountain appearing in a protective role.

(Continued on page 42)

AS EUROPE SAW IT



San Francisco Plaza, on the Havana waterfront, 1840-50. Original drawing was dedicated to government official by its artist, Santiago S. Sawkins

*Through prints,
stay-at-homes learned of
strange new lands
across the Atlantic*

ALMOST AS SOON as word of Columbus' remarkable discovery reached Queen Isabella, the artists of the Old World began to find inspiration in the New. First engravers, later lithographers, took the animal, vegetable, and mineral wonders of America for their subject.

The prints served a double purpose: first, and most important, that of economic or political propaganda; and second, that of showing a highly interested public what these strange new lands were like. The English and Dutch glorified their inroads into Spanish and Portuguese territory, as represented by Cuba and Brazil; the French, their ephemeral—though in the early 1860's they did not know it—triumphs in Mexico (the execution



Rope bridge near Penipé, Ecuador. This lithograph was made in Paris between 1815 and 1825, after a sketch by naturalist Alexander von Humboldt

of Maximilian moved even Edouard Manet, unconcerned as he usually was with historical events, to record the scene in a Goyesque lithograph). The riches of the New World were publicized among prospective investors in prints showing tobacco, coffee, sugar, fruits, minerals,

to nineteenth centuries often underwent "improvement" at the hands of German, Dutch, French, and English engravers. Little by little, however, a true picture of America, at once more and less fantastic than it had been supposed, was revealed in the prints. The many



Gathering coffee in Brazil, 1835. In those days coffee was fast overtaking sugar as country's leading crop

splendid harbors. As for the general public, they were so avid for information that they rushed to buy the travelers' accounts in which the prints were used as illustrations, and with equal eagerness bought the prints alone when they were occasionally issued in portfolios.

Not that popular curiosity was always satisfied with the accuracy it deserved. For example, the sixteenth-century Frenchman Théodore de Bry, perhaps the earliest of the engravers, never troubled to see America for himself, but filled the gaps in his knowledge with intuitive visions—a none-too-reliable substitute. And he was not the only one who remained comfortably at home. The sketches made by the various minor artists who wandered through Latin America from the seventeenth

careful drawings of the German naturalist Humboldt, made more than two centuries after De Bry's, were models of exactness and provided endless material for commercial illustrators.

Though engraving was introduced early into Latin America, for a long time it was practiced only by members of religious orders and confined to themes relating to propagation of the faith. During the nineteenth century a number of American cities, notably Buenos Aires, Havana, and Mexico City, produced lithographs of their own that were sent to Europe to compete with those made there. But most of the artists were still European.

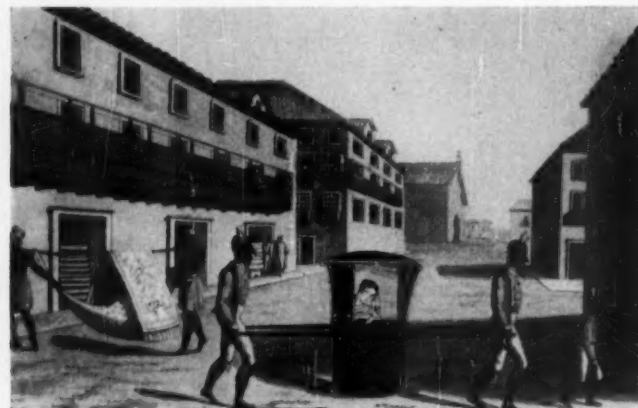
As the selection shown here demonstrates, many prints had artistic as well as utilitarian value. Libraries circu-

lated them; prominent men collected them; ordinary men, who could never have owned an original painting, decorated every room in their houses with these elegant works, some colored by hand. This group forms part of an exhibition, "Latin America Through European Eyes," which opened at the Pan American Union on August 13 and will run until September 16. Most of the items were made available by the Old Print Shop in New York; others are from the private collection of Luis D. Gardel and from the Rosenwald Collection of the National Gallery of Art. ♦ ♦ ♦



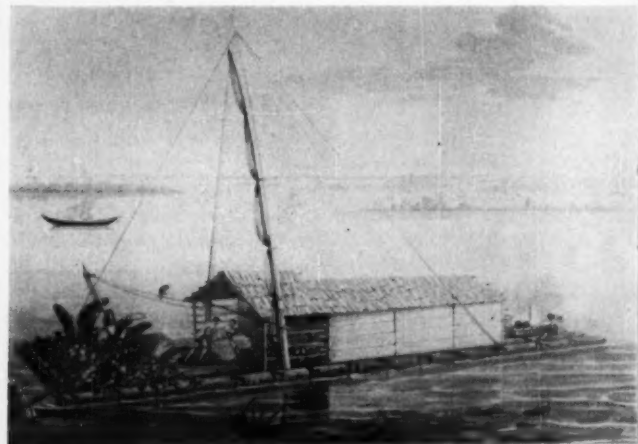
↑ *Volcanoes of Turbaco, Colombia, printed in 1815. Figures in left foreground show scale*

← *Spacious marketplace in Buenos Aires, as pictured in 1827, has a Near Eastern look*



↑ *Elegant transportation in Rio, 1827, during reign of Dom Pedro I. At left, covered hammock; center, sedan chair*

← *Typical Mexicans, rich and poor, of 1860. Wine, and sometimes oil, were stored in animal skins carried by man at right*



↑ *Native raft similar to Kon-Tiki, on which Heyerdahl crossed the Pacific, was sketched on Guayas River, Ecuador, by Humboldt in 1810*

← *Valparaíso, Chile, today the busiest port on the west coast of South America, as it looked in the 1820's*

BUENOS AIRES CHILDHOOD

(Continued from page 11)

morning he personally went out and pumped the water that filled his household tank and ours; and every morning he complained in eloquent Italian and Spanish about the unnecessary amount of bathing his tenants engaged in, and swore he would never again rent his house to gringos.

But relations between the two households improved after his mother floated down a well on a rosebush. It seems that there was an old forgotten well hole in the middle of Don Bartolo's rose garden. One afternoon the old lady was out picking roses and suddenly disappeared with a wild shriek down the well.

Don Bartolo, his three sons, and his two daughters-in-law rushed out and peered down, then described the situation aloud with an effect not unlike that of the sextette from *Lucia*. The old lady was alive and unhurt, having pushed the rosebush down the well ahead of her and thus broken her fall, but she was too feeble to hold onto the rope proffered by her descendants. Then my mother and Rosa had the brilliant notion of cutting down our swing and proceeded to do so despite our callous protests. They let it down the well and the old lady seated herself and was pulled up, as chipper as ever though a bit muddy. After that, Don Bartolo and his sons not only pumped our bath water with a will but made us frequent and overwhelming gifts of vegetables.

We had other friends, too. There was always talk among visitors over at our house, which occasionally rose to leather-lunged eloquence as somebody damned or praised the government, or the Argentines, or foreigners, or the train service. One of the more subtle disputants was the "doctor," an old gentleman who lived by himself, took opium in mild doses, and earned his living writing for the *porteño* newspapers—usually against something, it seemed to me. He had been a soldier at some time in his career, and loved to tell us hair-raising stories of the wars; but he could never bear the bloody spectacle of Rosa killing a chicken for dinner (she would chop off the bird's head with a kitchen knife). One evening he came and sat quietly by himself on our porch, as he often did, and when no one was around he shot himself in the mouth. To his embarrassment—and, I think, relief—the bullet went out through his cheek.

Then there was Señor Chávez, who arrived home from the bank in the city precisely at 6:03 every evening, always clad in blue serge, always tapping his left knee with the folded afternoon newspaper as he walked. The only time I ever saw him excited was the day he came across the street to talk to my father about the first Argentine election with secret balloting—"just like you have in your country," he said proudly.

Of course, as I mentioned at the beginning, all this was quite a long time ago, and things have changed since then. Don Bartolo and the doctor and Señor Chávez must be long since dead. Horsecars have vanished, streets have been paved, and electric light is everywhere. But I wonder whether the people have changed, too. Probably not. ♦ ♦ ♦



a word
with
Mario
Bermúdez

Passing through New Orleans recently, I called on the Colombian international-relations director of International House, Mario Bermúdez. International House and *AMERICAS* are old friends. In our September 1950 issue we published an article entitled "New Orleans International," explaining how this institution set up by local businessmen sparks trade deals among Latin and North Americans and describing its development.

"You probably aren't aware that we are now collaborating with the city," he told me. "This has naturally resulted in an expansion of our activities and positive benefits for the organization. At the moment we are busy planning the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase in October. On this occasion, the fifty-eight ambassadors to the United States, the governors of the seventeen states that now make up the territory Jefferson bought in 1803 for fifteen million dollars, and outstanding men from other parts of the Hemisphere will all meet in New Orleans."

"Meanwhile, International House is enlarging its scholarship program so that fellowships are no longer limited to high school and college students, but are also available to specialists in every profession and to businessmen. We have already brought twenty doctors up here. Committees have been named in the various countries to select the candidates. Once they arrive in New Orleans, International House acts as their adviser and representative, concerns itself with their personal and financial problems, and finds them lodging in U.S. homes to give them an authentic impression of this country."

"Louisiana is particularly interesting to Latin Americans," Mr. Bermúdez told me, "not only on account of its growing commerce, but because of the research centers in this area directly concerned with Latin America. Tulane University's school of tropical medicine attracts Latin American doctors and patients and also offers fellowships. Baton Rouge has a school of tropical agriculture and the only sugar-refining school in the Hemisphere. When International House was founded in 1944, there were 320 Latin American students in the state of Louisiana; now there are 1,100, and their number is growing. We are determined to develop this interchange of students and professional people because we believe it's the best way to help unify the Hemisphere. In addition, International House will continue bringing and sending missions to and from the Latin American countries. The Congress of Municipalities, which I attended this year in Montevideo, is the fifteenth international meeting we have helped organize; fifty-four mayors went down from the United States. Incidentally, this was my sixty-third trip to South America in my six years in charge."

"I see you don't believe in restricting your activities to purely administrative matters."

"By no means. It's necessary to get down to earth, to see, almost to touch the problems, in order to find the best solution. Another of the jobs of International House is to provide facilities for Latin American travelers in order to attract more of them. We have placed bilingual employees in strategic spots throughout the city, so that any one who doesn't speak English can still get along in stores, hotels, barbershops, even in the confessional."

Mr. Bermúdez excused himself for a moment to see a student with whom he had an appointment. A Venezuelan engineering freshman came in. During their cordial conversation, Mr. Bermúdez gave the boy news of his family, whom he had seen when he stopped off in Caracas during his trip to Uruguay. Mr. Bermúdez told the boy that when he was through with his studies, a position would be waiting for him in a Venezuelan firm. Obviously, International House is looking ahead.—*Lillian L. de Tagle*

oas

FOTO FLASHES



On his way to UN headquarters from Santiago, Chile, seat of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America, of which he is director, Dr. Raúl Prebisch (second from right) of Argentina paid a courtesy visit to the plenary session of the OAS Economic and Social Council. Before addressing the group, he was photographed with (from left) the Argentine Interim Representative on the Economic and Social Council, Dr. Eduardo Biritos Guevara, who is also an economic counselor at his country's Washington embassy; Dr. Amos E. Taylor, Director of the PAU's Department of Economic and Social Affairs; and Dr. Nicasio Silverio y Sainz, of Cuba, Chairman of the OAS Economic and Social Council. Dr. Prebisch spoke on cooperation between ECLA and the Council, pointing out that their field was large enough so that duplication of activities could be avoided.



To determine how PAU social-welfare programs can help her country, Mrs. Carmela de Paz Estenssoro, wife of the President of Bolivia (second from left), called at the Pan American Union during her visit in the United States. In conference with her are (from left) OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras; Miss Mireya Lara Carrasco, social work program specialist in the PAU division of labor and social affairs; OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger; and Beryl Frank, chief of the PAU labor and social affairs division. Mrs. Paz Estenssoro is now on a tour of U.S. welfare institutions.

As a gesture of friendship toward the OAS member countries, the Society of Washington Artists recently carried out a unique project called "As I See It" at the Pan American Union. Each of twenty artists was assigned the task of portraying one Latin American country as he imagined it, through the medium of his choice. The only proviso was that the artist should have no personal acquaintance with the country to be interpreted. Here painters Sam Bookatz (left) and Omar Carrington, who depicted Uruguay and Haiti, respectively, examine each other's work. Contributions ranged from the completely objective through the abstract to the non-objective. The Society of Washington Artists, which has a present membership of 146, was founded in 1891 with the aim of encouraging artistic effort by maintaining open competition for artists within a radius of twenty-five miles of the nation's capital.



On Venezuela's Independence Day (July 5), the South American republic's Ambassador to the United States, Dr. César González (left), and its OAS Ambassador, Dr. René Lépervanche Parparcén (right), who is also chairman of the OAS Council, and their wives held a reception opening an exhibition of photographs of Venezuela at the PAU building. Looking over some of the work with the ambassadors are Papal Delegate Amleto Giovanni Cicognani and Monsignor Bruno Vittori.

When the Brazilian basso Edson de Castilho (second from right) gave a concert at the Pan American Union recently, accompanied on the piano by Vera Mazel (right), he was greeted by (from left) OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil; Mrs. Armando Salgado Mascarenhas, wife of a secretary of the Brazilian OAS delegation; and Mrs. Lobo. Between selections by the United States Navy Band, Mr. Castilho sang songs composed by Hekel Tavares and Heitor Villa-Lobos. Born in Belo Horizonte, he is well known as a concert artist there and in Rio de Janeiro, where, in 1951, he placed first in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Great Caruso" contest. As a result, he was offered a scholarship to come to the United States, and is now studying at the Manhattan School of Music.



it's the talk in . . .

Lima

The South American soccer-championship games, held in Lima earlier this year, and a more recent international soccer season in the City of Kings gave rise to lively press debates on Peru's most popular sport. Newspapers, coaches, and the public in general are agreed that the latest performances by Peruvian pros have been "disastrous." They are unanimous, too, in suggesting that the best cure is to find new players. The main reasons cited for the decline are "the players' inadequate physical fitness and poor coaching" and the "excessive individualism and lack of team work" of Peruvian forwards. A writer in *El Comercio* points out that during the 1949 soccer season "an average of five and a half teeth were extracted from each player" and numerous corns and sore toes had to be taken care of. The same writer feels it is unnecessary to reorganize Peruvian soccer, that it will suffice to give it better coaching and to look to the players' health. . . .

People have been chuckling over a cartoon that appeared recently in *La Prensa*, poking fun at the 1953 Prizes to Stimulate Culture. It shows a poster advertising "Cultural prize, five thousand soles." A farmer holding a cock examines a second poster, which reads: "Cock-fighting prize, one hundred thousand soles," while an intellectual, in cap and gown, says to the farmer: "If those slates are right, your cock's quills are worth twenty times as much as mine; the prize is not for ideas, but for claws." . . .

Painter José Sabogal has stirred up a controversy over the recently announced art competition to be sponsored by the Lima municipal government. He thinks the municipality should try to restore public spirit in the Peruvian capital before attempting to hold contests. When riding the city's streetcars or buses, he says, he keeps thinking of all the transportation problems to be solved, all the city planning that should be done. So far as art is concerned, he feels Lima and the country should first have a public museum equipped for exhibits of nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculpture and paintings. . . .

Still on the subject of civic pride, Lima newspapers have been commenting on the projected restoration of the government-owned Torre Tagle Palace, now occupied by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. *El Comercio* praises the move, saying it will preserve one of the few examples of colonial architecture, aside from religious or military buildings, still standing. Systematic destruction has been eliminating the old mansions that gave Lima a unique and pleasant personality. The same paper advocates turning the palace into a museum. . . .

Limeños have been saddened by the death of one of Peru's leading diplomats and writers, Francisco García Calderón. The brother of another famous writer, Ventura García Calderón, he spent most of his life in Paris, where for many years he was Minister Plenipotentiary. He wrote extensively—often choosing the essay form—on inter-American problems; ideological trends, and social conditions. His best-known work was *Latin America, Its Rise and Progress*, which was originally published in French (as were several of his other books) and then translated into Spanish and English. . . .

Figures published recently by the Central Reserve Bank of Peru show that the country's manufactures were worth 4,950,000,000 soles (\$309,375,000) in 1951 as compared to 528,000,000 (\$33,000,000) in 1942; the number of industrial plants in 1952 was 4,070, as against 144 in 1942.—Luis Felipe Mejía Lizarzaburu

La Paz

The recent arrival in the Bolivian capital of Robert Wasson, a student from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York, who was flying a single-engine plane on a good-will tour of the continent, has caused considerable excitement. Wasson's traveling companion had taken the train from Arequipa, Peru, since the plane could not carry the two of them over the high peaks surrounding the Bolivian plateau. . . .

Bolivian archeologist Edgar Dick Ibarra Grasso has made important discoveries of earthenware, textile pieces, and metal household utensils in the department of Cochabamba. The objects are presumed to date back to the time of the Inca conquest of the tropical regions reaching almost to the border of the present Brazilian state of Mato Grosso. . . .

Movie fans are delighted with the country's first Motion Picture Festival, scheduled for August, under the sponsorship of the Bolivian Motion Picture Institute and the La Paz city government. Many of the films deal with Indian communities, folk customs and dances of different regions, and panoramic scenes of remote areas. Among the best are *Los Urus*, *Yungas*, and *La Leyenda de la Kantuta*. Such well-known moviemakers as Augusto Roca P., Jorge Ruiz, and Waldo Cerruto have submitted contributions. . . .

During the last week in July, Brazilian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary Francisco Negrão de Lima arrived in La Paz to sign amendments to a treaty between the Bolivian and Brazilian governments providing for joint exploitation of the extensive oil deposits in Bolivia's Santa Cruz Department. Dr. Negrão de Lima, formerly Minister of Justice, is also expected to hold talks on plans for completing the Cochabamba-Santa Cruz railway, the last link in the transcontinental rail system that will connect the Brazilian port of Santos with that of Arica in Chile.—René Zalles G.

San Salvador

Salvadoreans are proud of the municipal government's action in providing shoes for 7,432 poor people in the capital. The municipality plans to continue this practice on a permanent basis, giving at least one pair of shoes per year to each citizen who proves that he is unable to afford them. . . .

Capitalists and businessmen, eager to take advantage of the new Law for the Promotion of Processing Industries, are flooding the Office of Commerce, Industry, and Mining with inquiries, and it is expected that some thirty million colones (\$12,000,000) will be invested in new plants. Under this law new industries deemed beneficial to the country will be exempt from income tax and import duties on raw materials and equipment. . . .

People are impressed with the excellent new library established by the local Press Club, which has special collections on each country of the Hemisphere. Several embassies have donated books by their national authors. Particularly noteworthy are the sections dealing with Colombia and Guatemala. . . .

The oldest newspaper vendor in El Salvador, and perhaps in the world, Leoncio Flores, received a warm tribute from his friends recently in Santa Ana, on his 101st birthday.—Cale Douglas Wallace

BRACEROS FARM FOR MEXICO *(Continued from page 5)*

gasoline or diesel engines to run them—electric power is still a few years away. The over-all cost is not excessive, and the first year's cotton crop has frequently paid for the initial cost of the land, clearing, leveling, the well and pump, and all planting and harvesting costs.

A "water witcher" never misses here. Anyone looking at the broad alluvial plains with high mountains far away to the east, and knowing of the traversing rivers such as the Sonora, the Yaqui, the Mayo, the Fuerte, knows that underground water is available. One well in the vicinity of Culiacán in Sinaloa produced around four thousand gallons per minute—a lot of water for any farm. With the exception of rice, the crops generally grown will not need more than four acre feet of water per acre to maintain maximum production. One well developing a thousand gallons per minute will irrigate more than a hundred acres of cotton. The new farming lands extending from Hermosillo south through Empalme, Obregón, and Navojoa have been a mecca for well drillers, U.S. and Mexican. In many cases the farmers are thoroughly familiar with the use of underground water for irrigation from experience working around Casa Grande in Arizona or in the vicinity of Salinas, California.

The story of Pablo Ramos, as he told it to me in Obregón, is inspiring. He is now a prosperous farmer with about 360 acres of good farm land south of that city, with canal water available. As a contract worker, Pablo spent a few years in California, where he learned the best methods of diversified farming. Intelligent and thrifty, he returned to his home near Obregón with a lot of experience and a considerable sum saved up. With government aid he bought this undeveloped land, which was covered with mesquite, for five hundred pesos per hectare—about twenty-four dollars per acre. He pays 7 per cent interest on the money he owes. Clearing and leveling the land cost him an additional twelve dollars an acre. In the few years since he has had the land in crops, he has made a fortune. Pablo regularly grows wheat and rice, two of the most profitable staples in the vicinity. At times his rice will yield forty hundredweight per acre and his wheat as high as twenty-five hundredweight per acre, although his average yields are less.

Pablo's tools include no walking plows. He owns an Oliver wheel tractor that cost him about \$4,400 and a good Canadian-made thresher worth about \$6,000. In addition, he has a large Oliver disc plow, a new Chevrolet pickup truck, and an assortment of other farm implements. The one he prizes most is his land plane, which he uses every year to level his land for the crops that demand precise grading for proper distribution of water to all the plants. Pablo is thoroughly familiar with farm machinery. He knows his credit limitations, the markets, the value of fertilizers, and the need for pest control work. Pablo knows where he is going, and Mexico is proud of him and thousands like him.

In the last few years cotton farmers have made fabulous profits, and the price of farm lands has shot up far above what it was three or four years ago. The cotton



Ferry crossing one of western Mexico's big rivers will soon be replaced by bridge as new highway is completed



Windbreak shelters rows of winter vegetables (background) and flourishing young wheat field near Ciudad Obregón



Well-built gate and branch canal taking off from main course near Navojoa are part of big Mexican irrigation program



Modern diesel-powered pump brings up water to irrigate dry Sonora farm

boom in the United States has spread south of the border. Newly cleared lands have been planted to this crop, and numerous new cotton gins have been built. Representatives of the large U.S. brokerage houses are found in the principal west coast cities along with their Mexican colleagues. One cotton farmer stated that cotton was raised in Mexico in 1951 for only eight cents a pound! This crop naturally has a strong appeal, even though it is not subsidized in Mexico, and that country's production is of course an important factor in the international markets.

It was interesting to see the cotton fields in Mexico in the middle of last December. They were picked clean. At the same time across the border in Arizona and California, the fields were still white. Few cotton-picking machines are seen on the west coast of Mexico, for labor is still plentiful. One farmer, complaining of what he considered a labor shortage, said: "I was able to get my field picked only seven times."

Around Navojia there was always a strong tourist demand for the beautiful hand-woven blankets made by the Mayo Indians. This year a search in the stores and shops revealed none for sale. As one merchant explained: "The Mayo Indians have been so busy picking cotton and doing other farm work that they don't have time to weave these blankets any more." While the prevailing farm wage for the last year or so has been eight pesos a day, farmers and merchants agree that this low rate cannot continue for long.

It still is not unusual in parts of Mexico to see a farmer walking behind a plow powered by a couple of huge, docile oxen, preparing his field for the inevitable corn crop. This becomes more noticeable as you travel from Mazatlán toward the southeast through the states of Nayarit, Jalisco, and Michoacán toward the capital. Usually the farmer is working a small field—up to twenty acres—frequently set aside from his neighbor's by a sturdy rock fence. Much of this corn land is in hilly districts and depends on the summer rains. Obviously, it is not possible to farm these small plots more economically with tractors. The cost and upkeep make that entirely impractical.

But another story unfolds in the lands benefiting from the irrigation projects or where pumped water is available. It is not practical to grow such crops as cotton, rice, wheat, and flax on a small farm. The farmer cannot use the walking plow and oxen. Without machinery he cannot level the land properly for irrigation. To support a large outlay of money for modern implements, the farm must be big enough to cover all costs through its production. Pablo Ramos, on his 360-acre farm, had a capital outlay for his tractor, thresher, and other implements of more than fifteen thousand dollars. He could probably reduce this investment considerably by eliminating his thresher and having its work done by threshing contractors. But the minimum investment to operate his property efficiently would be close to ten thousand dollars. So in remote areas the farmer with oxen will probably continue to farm his terraces and hillsides in the old way. But the man with the walking plow will never

successfully invade the land served by the large irrigation projects.

The new type of agriculture calls for other changes. To maintain high production, proper fertilizing and pest-control practices are all-important. In the past few years the principal U.S. chemical and fertilizer companies have established agencies in the chief agricultural centers along the west coast of Mexico, and the government is encouraging local fertilizer production. Airplane service is now readily available for dusting and spraying. Tractor-propelled spraying and dusting machines are also on the job, usually operated by Mexicans who have done the same work in the United States.

Sturdy U.S. farm trucks are seen everywhere on highways and side roads taking farm products, machinery, insecticides, and commercial fertilizers from one place to another. The big U.S. transport carriers are not yet in evidence, but they too will make their appearance just as soon as the highways are completed and long hauls become practicable. Transportation received another big push forward, in the opinion of west-coast residents, when the railroad that serves this area was purchased by the Mexican Government from the Southern Pacific, in December 1951. Roadbeds will be rebuilt and new rolling stock will be bought.

For enterprising young men from the United States who can speak Spanish and who have a technical knowledge of machinery, pest control, fertilization, or other specialties of modern agriculture, there are many opportunities in the Mexican west-coast region. They must be sturdy young men, for these farms are in the hot lands.

A farm-implement dealer in Sonora summed up the area's confident enthusiasm. I had told him that I felt the strength and stability of the United States as a nation was largely due to its vast agricultural resources. He agreed, and maintained that Mexico could enjoy similar advantages. "The government policy of the last few years, with its accent on agricultural development, is now showing results. Our government has virtually eliminated illiteracy among the young, and it is building new highways and irrigation dams throughout the country. We too are on the way to being a great agricultural nation."

It's a long haul, for most of Mexico's farmers still scrape by on a very low standard of living, working with antiquated methods and tools and little regard for the conservation of their land. As the working party set up by the Mexican Government and the International Bank points out in its report, *The Economic Development of Mexico*, the deleterious effects of erosion and deforestation will be felt more strongly as adding land by irrigation grows more costly. And if foreign markets cannot continue to absorb an increasing share of Mexico's farm output at the high prices of the last few years, bigger production for domestic consumption would offer a better course for agricultural expansion.

But Mexico's farmers are not forgotten men, and, thanks in large part to experience gained in the United States, more and more of them are putting the latest tools and techniques to work on the job at hand. ♦ ♦ ♦

points of view



GHOSTS AND GOLD IN OURO PRETO

ACCORDING TO THE Brazilian poet and columnist Carlos Drummond de Andrade, there is more to be found in the colonial town of Ouro Preto than historical monuments and the art treasures of Aleijadinho. Here are some whimsical excerpts from a column he wrote for the newspaper *O Estado de São Paulo*:

"Brazilians have not yet awakened to the fact that well-qualified ghosts can do a lot toward spurring the tourist trade. Yet Brazil is one of the world's largest depositories of phantoms. Progress, far from killing them off, often gives them new color. In Europe any community fortunate enough to have authentic ghosts traditionally associated with some house or section of town makes the most of the situation. Certain tourist agencies even go so far as to stage the appearance of phony specters, but respectable bureaus obviously cannot stoop to that.

"Brazil's historic towns are natural but unexploited tourist attractions. All of them, from Alcântara in Maranhão to Pilar in Goiás, are failing to lure the dollar- or peso-carrying foreigner because, to begin with, he cannot reach them comfortably and rapidly. Even if he manages to get there he

finds no adequate accommodations.

"Ouro Preto is unique in that it does have a good hotel, but what a place it is to get to! It takes a stout-hearted traveler to undertake the trip by car from Rio. And if you go by the Central do Brasil railroad line, you must change trains twice if you leave from Rio, three times if you start in São Paulo. Some people prefer flying to Belo Horizonte and trying to hire an automobile there for the final leg of the journey. But that is too uncertain; as likely as not, they will have to get on the poky little bus that

sometimes reaches its destination and sometimes doesn't. In wet weather, passengers often have to get out and help push.

"It is understandable that with so many urgent problems to be solved the government has not yet given much thought to ghosts as a tourist attraction and, consequently, a noteworthy source of income. But why have our individual citizens been so slow to make use of this opportunity? They probably entertain the silly notion that the value of a piece of property drops when it becomes the dwelling place of mysterious beings and the scene of supernatural events. . . . They fail to see the possibility of capitalizing on the goose pimples a haunted house can evoke.

"Ouro Preto is one of those towns that are rich in ghosts but prefer to build their reputation on less romantic features. Far be it from me to try to change the *ouropretanos*. I love them as they are and as they want to be, but I am sorry they ignore so completely all those midnight stories about the town's old two-story houses, colonial alleyways, and mine-riddled hills.

"The well-known historian Augusto de Lima, Jr., claims that if you venture into the Agua Limpa district at night you can hear slaves moaning as they are whipped; that on Queimada Hill the ghosts are so daring they will actually pull you by the arm if you are bold enough to climb those solitary, ruin-cluttered slopes; and that in the Taquaral section you can see lights burning and hear chains in mine shafts



long since abandoned. A prudent man, Lima does not fail to mention the natural explanations that have been proffered: owls hooting, the flutter of bats' wings, the croaking of frogs, the wind. But there is still another explanation: wherever absolutism has reigned and wherever gold has been hunted there is always remorse that lasts through many generations.

"Some of the other material Lima collected supports this last theory. The governor's palace, for example, which was a center of oppression and injustice, was constantly haunted until the Mining School was moved there. (It seems that one of the best ways to get rid of ghosts is to install public services in haunted spots, a practice I disapprove of.) And the Inconfidência Museum, which was a terrible prison for many years, also enjoyed quite a reputation as a place open to visitors from the spirit world. In the words of Critilo, it was

... a superb edifice built
On the bones of the innocent and
With the tears of the poor . . .

Small wonder that skeletons should dance around anguished prisoners in the depths of its subterranean passages!

"The museum and the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel are neighbors, and apparitions belonging exclusively to the churchyard have been known to frighten soldiers on duty near the former prison. Lima tells also about little unbaptized orphans whose souls roam about the cemetery of Bom Jesús das Cabeças Church, and of the devil in person chasing a soul around the burying grounds of the Church of São Francisco de Paula. He declares, in conclusion, that one moonlit night, as he walked along the road leading to Cachoeira do Campo, he himself was accompanied by a strictly ghostly soldier dressed in colonial uniform and riding a white horse. Which, of course, puts an end to all doubts.

"In 1922 a house was torn down on São José Street in which José Joaquim da Silva Xavier, better known as Tiradentes (a cavalry ensign who led an unsuccessful conspiracy against Portugal in 1789), was supposed to have lived. One night while the work was going on, a sixteen-year-old watchman named José Salame was awakened out

of a sound sleep by Tiradentes himself, who had been executed 130 years earlier. The ensign showed the terrified youth a spot on the floor, ordered him to dig there, then disappeared. Salame tore up the floorboard and set to work with his pickaxe. Soon he came upon an old chest filled with papers and gold bars. Either because he was afraid to keep the ghostly incident to himself or because he was indiscreet, the news spread far and wide, and Judge Oliveira Andrade was entrusted with the legal disposition of the find. There have been persistent rumors that the papers told of other, even more fabulous, deposits . . . of gold bars, hidden by the conspirators of 1789 and by other individuals uninterested in paying taxes to the Crown. Maybe the rumors are true. We shall see."

ERA OF EXPERIMENTS

WE OF THE AMERICAS often forget how closely our relations with one another are being watched in other parts of the world. In this article from *Estudios Americanos*, a monthly review published by the School of Hispanic American Studies in Seville, Spain, Manuel Luengo Muñoz tells how U.S.-Colombian cooperation looks to a Spanish economist:

"The economic future of the Americas is a matter of prime importance to all of us, and the results of the experiments going on there hold a decisive lesson for the whole field of political economics. As a matter of fact, they will be so far-reaching that they will decide whether the world's present economic structure will become stabilized or whether a drastically different type will take its place. Most important of all, the results will also have vital political and social repercussions, for the fate of nations is becoming increasingly linked to their own and the world's economic situation.

"Therefore, we cannot and must not remain indifferent to these experiments. Not only are they being carried out chiefly on a continent with which we have strong historical ties, but they will inevitably affect us in the end. . . .

"The United States is well aware of the crucial period through which the world's economy is passing and

of the obstacles it must overcome in its efforts to preserve the capitalistic system. As J. A. Estey pointed out, the United States, with its own period of westward expansion over, its population growing at a declining rate, and many underdeveloped areas closed off by world political conditions, depends more and more on technology for its material progress. 'If new frontiers were completely closed in all parts of the world and technological progress were to slow down, the turning point in the long upward course would be reached.' The depression that would follow would be one of the most crucial events in the history of the world and the beginning of the end of the capitalistic system."

Domésticas

Por
FREYRE



Apparently the servant shortage has finally reached into Mexico. Housewife has changed wording of maid-wanted sign from "references required" to "I give references." —Excelsior, Mexico City

"The only solution is to channel investments into underdeveloped areas with growing populations. In helping such areas the U.S.A. is helping itself.

"Some of the most interesting experiments along these lines have been going on in Colombia, which holds some of the Americas' most important economic reserves. That country's agricultural and industrial possibilities, the richness of its soil, subsoil, rivers, and coastal waters, give promise of a splendid future. On this foundation the Currie Plan [worked out by a

Mission of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development] proposed an expanded network of highways, railroads, air communications, and ports; speeded-up industrialization; more housing and irrigation projects; increased production of fuels and electric power. These are not tasks that can be accomplished by a single generation; they require coordinated plans carried out over a number of decades. But a beginning has been made.

"Three thousand oil wells are turning out seven million dollars' worth of black gold a month, and a system of pipelines, financed by the Texas Company and the Tropical Oil Company, is already under construction; the building of the 235-mile Magdalena Railroad, vital to the rich valley of the Magdalena River, is now under way; and detailed projects have been worked out for stepping up coal production in the Cauca Valley and agricultural output in the vicinity of Bogotá and Tolima. . . .

"The investment of U.S. capital in these undertakings will not only help raise Colombia's national income and the standard of living of its people, thus setting up a powerful barrier against Communism, but will help the

United States stave off the horrors of deflation.

"The only fear for the future lies in the chaos that would be created if the foreign capital were suddenly withdrawn. But the returns yielded by the virgin resources of the country make this highly improbable. Moreover, even though the production boost is achieved with foreign capital, it will still be part of the national production of Colombia, and if the imported capital reaches the expected figure of five hundred million dollars, the twenty million that could leave the country in the form of dividends would be a drop in the bucket compared to the improved balance of trade that would result from industrialization."

THE LAND OF GABRIELA MISTRAL

THE ELQUI VALLEY, birthplace of the Chilean Nobel Prize poet Gabriela Mistral, is often evoked in her poetry. Graciela Illanes offered a charming description of the region and its people in the monthly *Atenea*, the University of Concepción's literary review. Here are some of her observations:

"Confined yet lofty, many-sided yet simple, rustic yet a mining area, inspirer of both dreams and action—this is the valley of the Elqui River, which opens between the hills like a fan of roads. Narrow, rough, and zig-zagging, its branches all lead to fertile nooks, to shady vegetation, to dense groves, to gardens fed by the very sap of the hills, which, if they do not hold diamonds, give fruit. Your glance does not discover these fertile spots easily. It stumbles on the hills and the ravines that sink between rocky masses, and is apt to miss the shady plantings that rise up surprisingly in a trifling bit of space.

"Except for Vicuña, capital of the valley, most of the tiny towns have but a single street, interrupted at intervals. The little towns are strung out lovingly like pearls. . . . These towns, hills, and small cultivated areas, and the river combine to form a landscape full of sentiment. In its moving charm there is no suggestion of anything intellectual or the force of will. But as you proceed farther up the Elqui Valley and see the vineyards stretched across the hills, especially around

Monte grande—"the dry, harsh village," in Gabriela Mistral's words—you get the idea of effort, of potentiality. Will power appears, and the urge to dominate nature. It took a tenacious spirit to make those hillsides bear fruit and to carry water almost to the peaks. . . .

"The atmosphere of these little villages is tranquil, provincial. Their inhabitants cling to tradition. More than one farmer has scorned the knowledge offered by some upstart agronomist, preferring the techniques that have been passed on from generation to generation. . . . Men and women go on for years and years without changing their way of life; for each day there is a task that is carried out like a ritual.

"The people of this land are vivacious, graphic and precise in their speech, able to size up even strangers with acumen. Their descriptions of the feel, form, and color of things give a perfect image. And they have a keen ear for sound. From the tread of a galloping horse they can tell its direction and just how far away it is, and, in the case of vehicles, they can tell you what is coming long before you can see for yourself. Near the river or far away from it, they have a good idea of the volume of its flow.

"Even the roughest and most taciturn of them come out with witty and charming remarks. The *elquinos*, especially the children and the miners, have vivid imaginations and are given to dreaming. Perhaps both this and the precision of their speech can be traced to the omnipresent lines of the hills.

"These imaginative qualities have produced the region's sorcerers and its tales of supernatural beings. When the existence of sorcerers is mentioned, an air of fantasy and legend comes over the scene. But the position of conjurer is not a hard one to attain. Anyone who isolates himself can acquire a reputation for having made a pact with strange beings. When one of these conjurers flies by in the feathered form of a 'Chonchón,' the people try to get into his good graces by telling him to come back another day for bread, salt, or chili pepper. It is not unusual for some beggar to knock on the door in the next few days, requesting such humble sustenance. . . .

¡Qué artista!...

por LANDRU



—Fé en gran músico, pero toda su música era robada.

"He was a great musician, but all his music was stolen."—Landru, *Continente*, Buenos Aires



"Yeah, I know. . . . Another midget car." — Merino Lampana in *Semana of Bogotá*

"Among the Elqui witches famous for their ability to impose their will on people and animals were Peta Draco and Soila Maico. Old folk still remember them with a respect that is mixed with terror. To judge by their names, they were descendants of the Diaguitas, a tribe that inhabited this green and hidden valley in former times. It is still possible to find other descendants of this tribe, though very few, among the villages or along the roads. Guamán, Abringo, Chinga, Pallauta, and Cuturrufo are the names of some hard workers whose brown complexions and slightly prominent cheek bones reveal their almost pure Indian ancestry. They are very intelligent and in no way inferior to the villagers whose forebears have mixed with Spanish stock for three or four generations.

"The artistic creations of this Indian tribe can be seen in the Archeological Museum of La Serena. Earthenware platters, ornaments, pots, and jugs are constantly being found in their cemeteries, for pottery was their specialty. There are some valuable collections in the private homes of archeologists, but the museum's is the most complete, showing the different phases of their art, with and without Inca influence. . . .

"In the summer there is a general exodus of the Elqui people. Where do they go? They all follow the route of the peach peelings. Vicuña and other towns are left virtually without servants as everyone heads for the 'interior' of the valley, toward the cordillera, where the jobs of preparing dried peaches and dried, pitted apricots pay well.

"Peeling by hand used to bring bosses and workers together in hearty camaraderie on the farms, but peeling by soda has made this a disappearing

phenomenon. The hand method is used now only in small orchards or when some mishap upsets the other process.

"The Elqui Valley is brightened and cheered by the blooming of *añáusca* flowers on the hillsides. They arrive by surprise in September, coloring everything red, just after the strong *terral* or land wind has blown over the dusty earth and the wintry frost has vanished from the hollows. They indicate that everything is getting ready to bear fruit. They are a true mark of a change of season, and make one think of the exquisite fruit of summer and the fertility of this land, so tightly pressed between the hills and so hidden by them."

WEALTH IN THE DEEP

CUBA HAS LONG BEEN trying to lessen its dependence on sugar, and the editors of Havana's *Diario de la Marina* are convinced that Old King Neptune holds one of the answers:

"The Ministry of Agriculture recently chose as the subject for the Alvaro Reynoso Journalistic Contest 'Fishing Opportunities in Cuba.' . . . We want to take this opportunity to say that in our opinion it is high time Cuba gave more thought to nearby and distant waters as a source of wealth, employment, and protein-rich food for its citizens.

"We have to wake up to the fact that we are an island people and that therefore our economic development should begin with an intensive exploitation of our maritime fauna. It's time we stopped depending on foreign fishing industries to the tune of ten million pesos a year.

"We import an annual twelve thousand tons of codfish alone. Why doesn't Cuba organize its own fishing fleets to look for cod in the Newfoundland waters? European ships cross the Atlantic to get the fish, take it home for processing, and then send it to us across thousands of additional nautical miles. It seems incredible that Cuba has not taken advantage of being nearer to those rich fishing grounds to keep all those millions of pesos at home and open broad new fields for maritime and industrial employment.

"But right here in our own territorial waters we are surrounded by tremendous wealth, which is being ex-

ploited only casually and with techniques that are out of date. Some progress has been made in obtaining and preserving such products as bonito and lobster, but only on a small scale. For lack of the right equipment, we have to let the huge schools of migratory fish pass by, thus depriving Cubans of cheap, succulent food.

"In addition to streamlining fishing equipment, we need to expand our canneries and our facilities for rapid distribution. A huge packing house should be built in Havana, where fishing boats could deposit their take and go right back to sea the same day instead of waiting around in the bay for market prices to rise. This would mean that an adequate supply of fish would always be available at lower prices than prevail now, and the industry would be more stable from the point of view of both investors and workers.

"Another wide-open field is that of by-products, such as fertilizers and fish flour for feeding animals.

"We have in our country, besides favorable natural and geographic conditions, men of great skill in the arts and industries of the ocean, and plenty of available capital and labor. All we need, then, is the decision to use all these assets in a coordinated effort, a voice of authority to say to our maritime industry: 'Get up and walk.' Let's hope that the Ministry of Agriculture's contest will herald the long-awaited and happy day when we return to the sea."



A leak in the dike. "Ataulfo, did you swim across the Almendares River?" "No, my love, I came through the tunnel." —By Silvio in Bohemia, Havana



books

THE LIVING GODS OF HAITI

A FIRST CONSIDERATION in estimating the value of Maya Deren's *Divine Horsemen*, which deals with the Voudoun cult and mythology, is to keep in mind how it came to be written. Miss Deren tells us that she went to Haiti in September 1947 on a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative work in the field of motion pictures. Her plan was to produce a film in which the Haitian dance, as a pure dance form, would figure prominently, but it was not long before she became convinced that the dance could not be considered independently of the mythology and the ritual. What evolved then, and with compulsive force—for she was obliged to spend four years in collecting the detailed material for this book and to return three times to Haiti—was this fresh and substantial work. The original project had to wait until after it was written.

"I had begun as an artist," she says, "as one who would manipulate the elements of a reality into a work of art in the image of my creative integrity; I end by recording, as humbly and accurately as I can, the logics of a reality which had forced me to recognize its integrity, and to abandon my manipulation."

There has been no lack of interest in the Voudoun religion among the anthropologists, people interested in Haitian culture in general, and casual travelers to Haiti. In recent years, too, Haitian writers and intellectuals, recognizing more and more the richness of Voudoun mythology, have done careful research and written about various aspects of it; others have drawn from its plentiful folklore to give life and character to the country's present-day literature, and perhaps in an honest effort to achieve wholeness out of the diverse elements of the Haitian people.

But so far as I know, no really comprehensive study of the Voudoun religion had appeared until the publication of this work. The clearly delineated, logical way in which this highly complex subject is treated here dispels the mystery and confusion resulting from the partial or

distorted presentation that has been the rule. The ancient cult of Voudoun is shown to us in proper focus. It is given sequence and meaning by one who is at the same time an acute observer, a participant, and a sensitive human being. To quote again from Miss Deren, "this is a religion of major stature, rare poetic vision and artistic expression, and . . . contains a pantheon of divinities which in astronomical terminology could be called a constellation of first magnitude."

The book is addressed both to the general reader and to the specialist. The footnotes at the bottom of the page are for the information and interest of the former, and those in the back of the book furnish additional details important to serious students of the subject.

It is impossible for a foreigner, and indeed for a member of the educated class of Haitians, to understand the great mass of Haitian people without knowing a good deal about the Voudoun religion and the role it plays in their day-to-day life. The living conditions of the vast majority of Haitians—those who depend on the produce from their small plots of poor soil—are difficult to en-



Possessed by Voudoun deity Ghede, who represents death and as such is a glutton; devotee consumes ritual feast. From *Divine Horsemen*

ture. These people must have a working religion that will satisfy their need for food and shelter, that will sustain and in fact cure them when disease strikes. It is no wonder then, as Miss Deren points out, that they hold fast to beliefs that provide either immediate help or the inner strength to endure in the face of rude realities.

Because of their harsh existence, they feel strongly that every bit of accumulated human wisdom must be preserved for the benefit of the living. Since the spirits of the dead become *loa* (gods), they may be called upon for advice and help when human resources are unavailing. Accordingly, great care is taken to perform the proper ceremonies to release the spirits of the dead so that they may join the great cosmic entity made up of greater and lesser gods. If the *loa* are expected to provide for the faithful, they are in turn served by them. Thus a practical and satisfying relationship of mutual respect is maintained.

The *houngans* and *mambos* (priests and priestesses) hold an important position in the communities, for they act as intermediaries in establishing contact between the people and the *loa*, whether with the greater gods (those of African inheritance) or with the lesser ones who have since joined the ranks.

A chart of the classification of Voudoun *loa* according to principle, origin, and character is given on pages 82 and 83. The major ceremonies are the Rada rites, characterized by benevolent *loa*, and the Petro rites, characterized by magical and malevolent *loa*.

The author states in her preface that she is grateful for the existence of the people and the religion, for "the fact that such a culture exists is, in itself, a good." Quite apart from this, the insight gained here into the philosophy of the Haitians who adhere to the Voudoun religion can be meaningful to those who would make their life more bearable.

The physical and moral attributes of the "divine horsemen" are described in great detail and sometimes with humor, as are the important ceremonies of initiation, the feeding of the *loa*, and the rites for the dead and for the reclamation of their souls a year after death. Some of the other points considered are the importance of the ritual as a collective discipline and as a factor in the development of the individual; the contrast between religion and magic; Christian and Indian influences in Voudoun; the drums and the dance; and the role of the *houngan* as healer.

If we are to believe Mr. Joseph Campbell, the editor of the series to which this volume belongs, "All mythology, whether of the folk or of the literati, preserves the iconography of a spiritual adventure that men have been accomplishing for millenia, and which, when it occurs, reveals such constant features that the innumerable mythologies of the world resemble each other as dialects of a single language." Miss Deren chooses to term as evidence of Indian influence what might soundly be termed evidence of similarity and coincidence. For she amplifies the thesis advanced by Dr. Louis Maximilien in *Le Vodou Haitien*, published in Haiti in 1945—that there are traces of Indian influences in the Petro

rites. In the appendix to the book, Miss Deren supports the thesis by many examples of objects and words which seem to resemble objects and words in various Indian cultures. While these signs of influence are presented as tentative, in the body of the book we read: "What emerges from this research is the fact that the African culture in Haiti was saved by the Indian culture, which, in the Petro cult, provided the Negroes with divinities sufficiently aggressive to be the moral force behind the Revolution."

This is certainly an oversimplification of the picture and a serious deviation from the logic of the rest, which carries the reader to the dramatic climax of the last chapter—the author's own experience of being possessed by the great Erzulie, the Voudoun goddess of love.

The book is written in clear graphic style and is amply illustrated with reproductions of *vevers*—the symbolic designs drawn on the ground with corn or wheat flour or ashes to invoke the *loa* at ceremonies—and a number of very remarkable photographs taken by the author.—*Eva Thoby-Marcelin*

DIVINE HORSEMEN, THE LIVING GODS OF HAITI, by Maya Deren. London, Thames and Hudson, 1953. 350 p. Illus. \$4.75

PORTRAIT OF A MASTER

WITH JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO, America acquired its epic painter. Through the universality of his impassioned work, he filled the vacuum bequeathed by the academic painters of battles and historical scenes who, during the nineteenth century and up until a short time ago, scattered hundreds of yards of artificial, theatrical canvases over the public buildings of the Hemisphere. With Orozco, American narrative painting acquired a hitherto unknown stature and revealed a personality that was bold, bristly, little given to publicity-seeking, and profoundly preoccupied with human values.

There has long been a need for a work in English that would present Orozco the man in relation to his work—even if only in facets and perhaps somewhat episodically, as in the case of the present volume, *Man of Fire*. More than twenty years ago Alma Reed attempted it in *José Clemente Orozco*, now out of print; but between then and 1949, when he died, his personality developed and he came to have a surprisingly strong influence on the international panorama of art. Moreover, it was after that book that he painted his most mature and intense work, climaxed by the three series of murals in Guadalajara—at the orphanage, the state capitol, and the university. Now that he has completed his exemplary contribution to American art, we have this book of MacKinley Helm's to give us a firsthand picture. From his report of conversations in which the artist revealed his ideas and experiences emerges the likeness we needed for a better understanding of the creator. In addition, Helm provides a careful analysis of the Jalisco master's work.

Although I do not go along with all his judgments, it cannot be denied that the author is treading on firm



Above: Orozco lithograph, *The Masses*. Below: Zapata the Leader, oil



ground, with complete knowledge of his material. So far as Orozco the man is concerned, those of us who knew him well can see at once that MacKinley Helm has drawn a vivid, highly expressive portrait. This presenta-

tion of the rebellious, chaotic "man of fire," the disclaimer of all pictorial or ideological "isms," that was Orozco is a fitting complement to his autobiography (published in Mexico in 1945)—a delightful, forthright book that deserves to be published some day in other languages.

In ten concise chapters, MacKinley Helm offers both a brief, accurate biography and an examination of Orozco's most important work, his creative processes, and the historical factors and circumstances that contributed to his development from his earliest drawing as a student to the unfinished mural on which he was working on the very eve of his death. Despite his admiration for the artist, he does not yield to hyperbole or turn himself into one of those eulogists who inevitably spring up after every great man's death. He points out faults and virtues with equal clarity. The effect of this honest, uncompromising approach is to make us reject all those blindly partisan studies that, precisely because of their lack of proportion, are useless to anyone trying to penetrate the turbulent world represented by the work of America's greatest epic painter.

The illustrations, well selected and fairly well reproduced, help to make this book a useful English-language tool for the student of Latin American art.—José Gómez Sicre

MAN OF FIRE: J. C. OROZCO, by MacKinley Helm. Boston, The Institute of Contemporary Art, and New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1953. 245 p. and 63 illus. \$7.50

HUMOR AND A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

DR. ARCHIE CARR, as Honduran Ambassador Rafael Heliodoro Valle describes him in his introduction to *High Jungles and Low*, "is a naturalist with a social conscience and a sense of humor."

Jogging on horseback or bouncing in a Ford pickup, Dr. Carr investigated Honduran and Nicaraguan highways and little-traveled byways during his three years on the faculty of the Pan American School of Agriculture in the mountains of southern Honduras. His book is like a snapshot album, a series of swift glimpses of whatever in the way of landscape and encumbering flora and fauna challenged the author's attention as he came upon it. He selects, naturally, what interests him most; but his interests are lively and wide-ranging, so that the reader comes on unexpected (though wholly logical) conjunctions in these informative pages. In them we learn why quetzals are "prisoners in their cloud-swept jungles"; why you find sharks in the fresh water of Lake Nicaragua, and the short, irritable viper called *tamagás* in the San Juancito Mountains but nowhere else; and, in general and in particular, how to plan your strategy when observing the creatures of the deep forest.

There are sketches of valley, peak, and upland; of orchid jungle and cactus desert; of cloud forest and rain forest; of wild avocados and blackberry tangles; and of trees so laden with foliage—extraneous and their own—that a single towering specimen may bear at one and

the same time three tons of leaves and five tons of epiphytes ranging from half-inch orchids to giant-leaved parasites. Along with these sketches of wild nature are sympathetic and often humorous portrayals of the hill people.

The agricultural school where Dr. Carr served stands, he says, "at a crossroads of inter-Americanism"; its staff was in itself "a cross-section of Caribbean America." His was a wartime assignment, and conditions during the intervening period have changed in many ways; but with both the then and the now in mind, he makes a series of recommendations for improving inter-American relations. Basically, these stem from the necessity of fitting the remedy to the specific need and of discerning the individual in the human mass.

The author says that he has put his book together from "bits and pieces," and the phrase indicates the defects as well as the charm of his method. He says also, thinking back to his busy, satisfying years in the tropics, "Maybe life down there wasn't all strawberries and roses, but it's hard now to recollect any other side." And the reader is convinced that Dr. Carr means every word.—*Muna Lee*

HIGH JUNGLES AND LOW, by Archie Carr, with illustrations by Lee Adams. Gainesville, University of Florida Press, 1953. 226 p. \$4.50

BOOK NOTES

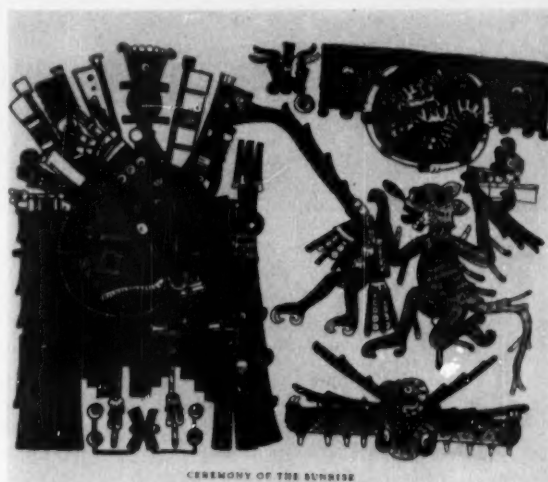
PROCEEDINGS OF THE INTERNATIONAL COLLOQUIUM ON LUSO-BRAZILIAN STUDIES. Nashville, Tennessee, Vanderbilt University Press, 1953. 335 p. Illus.

Scholars from Brazil, the United States, Portugal, and several other countries flocked to Washington in October 1950 for this colloquium, sponsored jointly by Vanderbilt University and the Library of Congress (see "Camões Visits Uncle Sam," December 1950 *AMERICAS*). In order to compress the vast subject into a form that could be dealt with in a few sessions, it was decided to emphasize cultural anthropology, fine arts, history, language and literature, and bibliography. The papers were mimeographed so that they would not have to be read aloud—a procedure that allowed maximum time for discussion from the floor. Unfortunately, neither this discussion nor the expert criticism of the papers by the commentators assigned to each session could be reproduced in this volume. The principal papers, by such authorities as Emilio Willems, Reynaldo dos Santos, Virginia Rau, and Bailey W. Diffie, are given in full in their original language (English and Portuguese were the official languages) and summarized in the other; lesser papers are merely summarized.

MAGIC BOOKS FROM MEXICO, with an introduction and notes by C. A. Burland. Harmondsworth, England, Penguin Books, 1953. 31 pages text and 16 plates. \$.95

The "magic books" are the strips of deerskin or tree-bark paper on which the Aztecs recorded their history and religion in strange, glowingly colored figures and glyphs. Many were lost in the great fire that accompanied the taking of Tenochtitlán by the Spaniards;

others, mainly religious manuscripts, were burned by missionaries horrified at their barbaric contents; still more had long since been destroyed by the warlike Mexicans themselves, owing to their custom of setting fire to the temple of every captured city. But the habit of preparing these documents was, as Mr. Burland says in his introduction, "so deeply imbedded in the popular consciousness that it survived in ordinary use for more than a century after the Spanish conquest," and to it we owe much of our knowledge of early Mexico. Serious study of the codices, ignored after the initial post-Cortés burst of interest in the peculiar inhabitants of that outlandish country, began only in the last century, and not much has been done about introducing them to the general public (though surely more than this volume implies). Since more of the codices are now in England than in any other country in the world, it is appropriate that this beautiful little book should have been published there.



Aztec ceremony of the sunrise, as depicted in Codex Borgia. From Magic Books from Mexico

TWO AGAINST THE AMAZON, by John Brown. New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1953. 247 p. \$3.50

A couple of years ago John Brown, a young Englishman described on the dust jacket as having a "devil-may-care-attitude," did Peru the favor of going there with a friend to look for the source of the Amazon, or something. Very little of this incredible book deals with science, however. It is devoted largely to an account of Brown's hardships, poor fellow, and to his observations on the local scene—that the customs were either quaint, barbarian, or un-English (and just as reprehensible on whichever count); and that the people were either child-like, drunk, dirty, picturesque, mercenary, or crazy, and, in any case, best dealt with by conspicuously cleaning his revolver. One wonders, first, what the Peruvians who met him would have to say if they had equal access to a publisher; and, second, how he ever wangled the support of the respectable people and organizations listed in the Acknowledgments.

EMBASSY ROW



Dr. José Ramón Rodríguez, Dominican Ambassador to the OAS, works in his study with his elder son, Mario, attaché of the Delegation. Educated as a lawyer, Dr. Rodríguez served formerly in Mexico and Haiti, was Minister Counselor of the Dominican Embassy in Washington, then went to the United Nations. He assumed his present post last spring. He admires Beethoven and is a devoted student of St. Thomas Aquinas.

It takes work to make a garden. Beatriz (right) studied art at Siena Heights College in Michigan. Mrs. Rodríguez also used to paint, but nowadays barely has time to keep up with her piano-playing.



The Rodríguez family beats Washington's famous heat in the embassy garden. From left: twelve-year-old Antonio; Beatriz, twenty; Mrs. Margarita Manfiel de Rodríguez; Mario; and the Ambassador.



The younger Rodríguezes are all fond of sports. Mario and Beatriz prefer tennis and riding; Antonio, fishing. He is also a photography fan.



MUSICAL REBEL

(Continued from page 8)

not acclimatize himself easily to strangers. He has an abhorrence of photography. Only two snapshots of him are known to exist. It was not until 1949, on his seventy-fifth birthday, that he allowed a *Life* photographer to enter his home to take an "official" picture.

Like his favorite author, Thoreau, Ives is a political rebel. He believes in drastic measures to remedy world ills. When the ideals of President Wilson were defeated in the election of 1920, he wrote an angry song entitled *November 2, 1920*. To a wry, dissonant accompaniment, he set the words: "Too many readers go by the headlines, party men would muddle up the facts, so a good many citizens voted as grandpa always did, or thought a change for the sake of change seemed natural enough. It's raining, let's throw out the weather man—Kick him out!—Kick him out! Kick him!"

Ives published this song with a footnote: "The assumption, in the text, that the result of our national election in 1920 was a definite indication that the country (at least, the majority mind) turned its back on a high purpose, is not conclusive. Unfortunately, election returns coming through the present party system prove nothing conclusively. The voice of the people sounding through the mouth of the parties, becomes somewhat emasculated. It is not inconceivable that practical ways may be found for more accurately registering and expressing popular thought—at least in relation to the larger primary problems, which concern us all. A suggestion to this end in the form of a constitutional amendment, together with an article discussing the plan in some detail and from various aspects, will be gladly sent by the writer to anyone who is interested enough to write for it."

The proposed amendment was nothing less than the establishment of federal legislation by the people without the intermediation of political parties. Ives circulated the text of the amendment among senators and other politicians, but met with no response. He was no more bitter about this failure than he was about the failure of his music to find a willing audience.

In 1938, Ives submitted a memorandum to President Franklin Roosevelt advocating the abolition of war. He wrote: "War between nations is the one perfectly stupid thing that still hangs over the world. It settles nothing and never will settle anything except the bottom of the graveyard." This proposal, too, was futile. Ives has seen two world wars go by in his lifetime. But to him the failure of effort is no reason for abstaining from all effort. In this respect Ives is a true follower of his spiritual ancestors, Emerson and Thoreau.

In his music, too, Ives speaks to the people. He intersperses his manuscripts with characteristic remarks, which are sometimes incorporated even in the published editions. In the sketches for his *Three-Page Sonata* he inserts a reminder: "Back to first theme— all nice sonatas must have first theme." Further along, there is an inscription: "March time—but not a march, Rollo!" In one of his songs Ives indicates a "blue note" and adds in

parentheses: "Use Saturday night."

In his string quartet, in three movements marked "Discussion," "Arguments," and "Call of the Mountains," Ives adds this comment: "String quartet for four men who converse, discuss, argue (politics), fight, shake hands, shut up, then walk up the mountainside to view the firmament." One passage is marked "Andante Emasculato"; another passage, "con scratchy." He advises



Rare photograph of doughty Charles Ives, who lives in seclusion in West Redding, Connecticut, near Danbury, where he was born

the player: "Too hard to play—so it just can't be good music, Rollo." And then again: "Join in, Professor, all in the key of C. You can do that nice and pretty." And finally, Ives compliments himself: "Pretty tune, ladies."

The music of Ives presents a singular mixture of precision and freedom of interpretation. He aims to represent village-band playing or barn-dance fiddling, in which improvisation and a spirit of fun in music-making are paramount considerations. On that unique occasion when he went to a concert to hear his music played, the orchestra gave a rather scrambling performance. But he commended the conductor in these words: "This was just like a town meeting—everyone for himself. Wonderful how it came out!"

In his symphonic poem *The Fourth of July* a violin is given a drone part in a completely independent rhythm, which has to be maintained regardless of what goes on in the rest of the orchestra. Even more astounding is the metric and rhythmic scheme in the last movement of *Three Places in New England*. The rhythms are so complex that there are triplets within quadruplets, with additional inward groups of rhythmic units that present a difficult problem to figure out even on paper. In one passage a seemingly insurmountable compound rhythm resolves itself into a simple succession of strong beats. Thus Ives is having fun with the players and conductors.

The second movement of his *Fourth Symphony* opens

with different time signatures marked for various instruments: 6/8, 5/8, 7/4, 2/4, and 4/4. The barlines do not coincide until the conclusion of three bars in 4/4, which equal six bars of 5/8 and two bars of 7/4, all moving at different speeds.

It is characteristic of Ives that the instrumentation of his works is extremely flexible. A highly complex orchestral score can be performed by either a small group of players or a huge orchestra. Some instrumental parts are ad libitum, held together by the piano, which is present in almost all his compositions. On the other hand, Ives may suddenly inject a bit of song into a violin sonata, or a flute part into a piano sonata, as in the Thoreau movement of the *Concord Sonata*. He explains: "A flute may play throughout this page. If no flute, then piano alone—but Thoreau much prefers to hear the flute over Walden." One of his songs contains a parenthetical indication: "From pieces for basset horn, flute, three violins, piano and drum"; another song is marked: "Originally for English horn with violins, flute and piano."

Similarly, sectional repeats and possible cuts are indicated in many of his works. In *Hallowe'en*, for strings and piano, the musicians are instructed to play the music four times, with slight variations, with this injunction: "In any case the playing gets faster and louder each time, keeping up with the bonfire." Ives then adds: "It has been observed by friends that three times around is quite enough, while others stood for the four—but as this piece was written for a Hallowe'en party and not for a nice concert, the decision must be made by the players regardless of the feelings of the audience."

His manuscripts, with their numerous suggestions of alternate instrumentation and ad libitum parts, are a source of both delight and despair to admirers determined to prepare the music for publication. Added to this is an almost illegible handwriting, so shaky that the visual impression is that of a chaotic jumble of notes. But once the manuscript is deciphered and copied, the logic of its melodic, contrapuntal, and harmonic texture becomes clear. In case of doubt, Ives himself can be relied upon to clear the point. There is never any hesitancy on his part as to which note is the right one and which sharp or flat is in its proper place, even though some of his unpublished manuscripts date fifty years back. Occasionally, he even sits down at a ramshackle old piano and plays some passages to show how the music should go.

Charles Ives, the creator of the most complex music in existence, in comparison with which the wildest scores by other twentieth-century composers are mere child's play, remains, at nearly seventy-nine, an unreformed idealist. He keeps his faith in the progress of man and in the progress of art. Designed on a plan of gigantic dimensions, his unfinished *Universe Symphony*, in which several orchestras are to play simultaneously in a transcendental harmony of disharmonies, is a declaration of this faith: that one must dare beyond the immediately feasible in order to make practical what once was regarded as impossible. ♦ ♦ ♦

LEGENDS OF THE AYMARA

(Continued from page 23)

The last glacial period is recalled by the Andean Indian as Chamak-Pacha, or the dark age when there was no sun. This was the catastrophe caused by Wirakocha to punish the first Tiahuanaco.

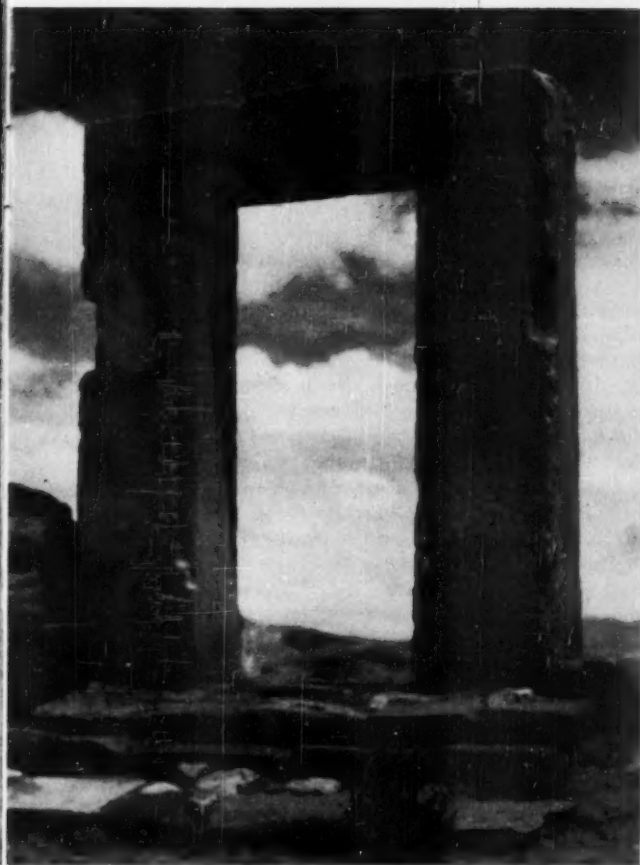
It is as if the Indian were submerged in mythological time. He thinks of all nature as something living and vibrant. Beginning as poetry about the genealogy of the gods and the origins of the universe, his legends later evolved into a totemic cult. He worshiped the *kúntur* (condor), bearer of light and heat; the *titi* (American puma); the llama and its relatives. To him stones, wind, lightning, thunder, hail, rivers, lakes, were all authentic expressions of the earth's divinity. Mother Earth and Mother Sea were one of the original mythological pairs.

These remote, complex, contradictory beliefs, peopled with highly imaginative beings and gods, should not be confused with the more recent and simple world of folklore. The ancient Indian was polytheistic, animistic, steeped in the most profound theogonic and magical knowledge. Searching studies of that religion are needed so we can plumb its depths. To learn about Andean legend is to learn about the roots of America.

The chief sources of information about prehistoric times in Central and South America are the Mayas, the Quechuas, and the Aymaras. The first two have been thoroughly studied and interpreted, but the Aymaras remain in the shadows. Their major ruins are still camouflaged with earth; their myths, their naturalistic religion, their wars, their dynasties, exist only in the minds of their descendants and a few specialized students of the subject. Aymara legend, when it is analyzed by social scientists and reconstructed by the genius of a poet, will reveal a fabulous, unknown world to the mind of modern man.

Illimani (The Resplendent), sacred peak of the Aymara, towers above La Paz





Gateway of the Moon. Tiahuanaco culture flourished until overpowered by the Incas around 900 A.D.

The Indian lives and dies at the foot of his mountains. He takes refuge in them, looks to the solitude of the high plateaus for defense against the inroads of the white man and the mestizo. Late in the afternoon, when the sun is nearing the horizon, he can often be seen standing on a mountain top in mute contemplation. He is not thinking of the Christian God whom he sometimes worships in the temples of the city, or of Inti, the Sun-Father of the Incas. He is thinking of his secular deity, the snowy peaks and the highlands, the Apus of the legendary past.

To this day the inhabitants of the Bolivian punas venerate the earth. Before sipping his pisco or chicha at a fiesta, the Aymara pours a little on the ground. "For Pacha-Mama," he will murmur laconically, if he says anything at all. This act of homage symbolizes the bond between the soil and the man who dwells on it.

America's past cannot be understood except against the grandiose and maternal backdrop of the cordillera, molder of the souls and bodies of the Andean peoples. As the mountain is, so is the mountaineer. Look at the physical landscape; its irregular lines are reflected in the rough-hewn nature of those who view them all their lives. The soul of the Aymara reproduces the turbulent

profile of his environment. Only the mountains of Tibet can be compared with the primordial Bolivian Andes, with their snow-capped ranges, their unmeasurable immensity, their intense solitude, their cosmogonic aura. Incredible as it may seem, the Indian of this region is a Christian, a sun-worshiper, an earth-worshiper, and an animist all at the same time.

To find out for ourselves why the Kollas worshiped the mountains, let us leave La Paz on a winter day when the sun is shining brightly and the sky is a jubilant blue, to climb the steep hill that leads to the *altiplano*. Choosing the less traveled paths, we reach the heart of the sierra in two hours. As we come to a ridge where the high plateau drops off abruptly, what do we see? An abyss encircled by mountains, land and space struggling to dominate the scene. It is difficult to imagine this elemental, fantastic landscape; it looks as though an exasperated hand had designed that frenetic architecture. It is a sight of terrifying grandeur, dramatizing the majesty of the region and dwarfing the beholder.

In the background rises the mighty Illimani, sacred peak of the ancients. It stands against a sky of blue crystals, a vision of serenity, of imperturbable majesty, of beauty pure and strong. Surely it must be a god, filled with power and grace. Who reigns over the angry chaos of the valley? Illimani, the mountain of mountains. Its



Church in present village of Tiahuanaco was built of ancient stones gathered from the ruins

great trapezoidal mass rises like a castle of virtue, towering above the counterforts of the cordillera. Seen from La Paz it recalls the perfection of Greek statuary; seen from Cohoni it looks like the vehement eruption of a half-finished Michelangelo sculpture, formless and abrupt. But we are viewing it from the *altiplano*. Behind the formidable wall of snow and basalt we can visualize the violent geological processes that caused these formations;

looking to the north, we see the same petrified wildness, shrouded in cathedral-like silence. Illimani's flanks rise with the passion of a furious sea, and, in contrast, its three-pointed summit is a poem of tranquility. To gaze at it is to be overwhelmed by the inalterable gravity and silence of nature, as Goethe was when he looked on a similar scene.

This is Illimani, mythical god of the Andes, which saw empires rise and fall in its vigorous, pagan youth. Rain, hailstorms, and hurricanes are generated on its sides, and winds are broken on its bearded rocks. The telluric incarnation of the omnipotent Zeus, it rules the countryside with a pervasive sadness. Around its lofty peaks play the boldest hues: snowy white, turquoise, agate, beryl, amethyst, brilliant rose, topaz, sapphire, purple. At sunset the marriage of form and color is so harmonious that the presence of Illimani is overpowering: the eye stares, the ear listens, the sense of smell sharpens, feelings come to the surface, and the soul absorbs the mysterious radiations of the distant titan.

If the withered and skeptical soul of the white man succumbs to the fascination of the spectacle, why should we doubt that the Indian, innocent of rationalism, adored in this mountain the supreme manifestation of the cosmos?

By simply learning Aymara, which according to the Bolivian scholar Villamil de Rada explains the origins and etymologies of almost all the primitive languages, it is possible to become acquainted with the earliest America. There was an "Andean Orient," he declares, and Aymara (the name is derived from Ayam-Aru, meaning word bearer) is an older tongue than Sanskrit. He thinks of Tiahuanaco as a Babel from which the races were dispersed. And, judging by his erudite and amazing philological findings, collected in *La Lengua de Adán* (Adam's Language), Aymara culture is rooted in the shadowy beginnings of the universe.

Aymara legend is still in the process of discovery. Neither Arthur Posnansky, a man of science, nor Franz Tamayo, a poet and philosopher, studied it systematically. It remains for an Andean Hesiod to synthesize the story in an epic poem or rhapsodic prose that evokes the majesty of a bygone time.

Perhaps someday it will be proved that the New World of Columbus is actually the oldest and wisest world. Because here in the Bolivian Andes, as in the mountains of Peru and the jungles of Yucatán, ancient theogonies sleep in the blue granite of tradition. Lucky the man who can hear and transmit the voice of the telluric oracles! ♦ ♦ ♦

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Ushuaia; 2. Ezeiza, after the township in which it is located; 3. Movie actor; 4. Gaucho. He lives on the pampas; 5. Polo; 6. Mate; 7. Subway; 8. Aconcagua; 9. In textile manufacture; 10. Beef.

THE BAHAMAS TODAY

(Continued from page 15)

erty tax and probate duty, which normally yield only a very small part of the total revenue. As a result, a number of wealthy foreigners have settled in the Bahamas, and many of them have spent large sums—larger, in fact, than the colonial government can afford—on developing properties and on goods and employment. Therefore, a considerable majority of the members of the House of Assembly are opposed to income tax, feeling that it would remove the inducement for further private investment. Their decision has also benefited the several thousand Bahamian laborers who, since World War II, have been regularly recruited for agricultural work in the United States. Through the local labor office, compulsory deductions from their earnings have been made for the support of their dependents—well over \$1,250,000 in 1951, out of their total wages of some five million dollars. Occasionally a compromise plan to exact taxation only from income produced within the Bahamas has come up in the House, but it is consistently rejected.

Eager for dollars (but hardly greedy, considering that well over 60 per cent of the colony's imports come from the United States) to keep and improve their tax-free existence, the Bahamas passed the Industries Encouragement Act in 1951 "to encourage the establishment and



Etienne Dupuch, editor of The Nassau Daily Tribune, represents liberal, progressive thought in Bahamian affairs

development of industries within the colony." This law allows manufacturers to import into the Bahamas, or take out of bond, any machinery without payment of customs duties or taxes. It also gives special dispensation for the importation of raw materials for manufacture and provides that no export tax will be levied on products manufactured for ten years from the date any factory is registered. In addition, the companies provide native laborers with special training in the operation of machines. So far a paper-bag plant and a pen-and-pencil concern have been established, together with a cigarette factory that turns out 1,250 cartons a day to sell locally at fifteen cents a pack, a price more in line with local incomes than what is asked for imported products. Early this year a full-scale textile mill went into operation.



Under Industries Encouragement Act, new enterprises like this cigarette factory have sprung up, providing jobs for native labor

There are new industries involving air-conditioning and refrigerating equipment, motors and pumps, locks, coating and lining for tanks and paint remover, shoes, mayonnaise and canned tomatoes, repairing regulators and generators, spiced tomato sauce, foam rubber, and nylon stockings. To protect the tourist industry, however, the government reserves the right to refuse to license any projects producing smoke, noise, or odors, or that might pollute the waters of bathing areas. On remote Inagua, off the coast of Haiti, where it is said Christophe long ago maintained a summer home and there are ruins that tend to prove it, the Erickson family of Boston has successfully and profitably revived the defunct salt industry, and built a sizable factory to turn out fire bricks as a by-product. These enterprises give employment to the inhabitants of neighboring Turks Island, which, while geographically a part of the Bahamas, is politically joined to Jamaica. Another island, Rum Cay, southeast of Nassau, is already laid out in salt pans and merely awaits a suitable investment to operate again, giving jobs to its three hundred residents.

A fresh wind is blowing into every quarter of the colony. Out Island real estate is being systematically developed by private interests, a scheme long held to be one of the surest solutions to the Bahamas' problems. On Eleuthera and Andros, many wealthy winter residents, formerly of Nassau, are building homes, and creating sizable, permanent communities. As the Governor, Major

Set in a coral sea, the Out Islands are strikingly beautiful. Matthew Town, Inagua, is center of thriving salt industry



General Sir Robert Arthur Ross Neville, said at the closing of the Legislature this past May: "The increased attention which many of the Out Islands are receiving both as resorts for holiday makers and as homes for permanent residents, with the resulting flow of capital investment, is particularly gratifying. I am sure that the policy of attracting visitors to the Bahamas as a whole and not solely to Nassau is sound." Elsewhere, while ten years ago begging on the street was a common and distasteful practice, it is now less frequent than in New York City. An act to protect children and the young was passed in 1947. Designed to bring the adult population



Tourist demand for straw and shell work gives jobs to many in the Bahamas, where farmland is poor and mechanized industry is new

in closer contact with what social facilities the colony has, it provides punishment for parental failure to provide adequate food, clothing, and medical aid and renders those generally cruel to children liable for prosecution.

While the education system of the Bahamas is still inadequate, government expenditure on primary and technical training is being stepped up. In 1951 £123,113 (the pound is worth \$2.80) was spent on teaching, compared with £16,802 in 1935. The same year, the Education Act was amended to allow the Board of Education to conduct vocational, technical, and adult extension classes; to establish a training college for teachers; to manage hostels for the accommodation of Out Island students; to build a circulating library in the schools; and to establish and administer welfare services in the schools. Radio receivers have been set up in Out Island communities to enable children to receive daily special instructive programs from ZNS, Nassau's five-thousand-watt clear-channel broadcasting station, which also acts as a clearing house for messages sent to individuals and groups too remote to be reached any other way. Sixteen movie projectors and two sound projectors are circulated throughout the colony, along with educational films. To correct farming abuses, elementary agriculture and the cultivation of green vegetables to improve diet are now taught in most of the schools.



Tourist Nassau is separated from Grant's Town, where Negro population is centered, by hill through which traffic passes

But Bahamian schools still face serious problems. Their staffs are small (the head teacher and assistant teacher average seventy-five pupils between them) and, although salaries have increased notably in the past few years, underpaid (the colony's director of education, an Oxford graduate, receives a salary of only £1,600 a year; senior teachers in Nassau average only about £800, while those on the Out Islands get £600 plus a furnished house). Also, funds for maintenance of the 126 schoolhouses and 66 teachers' cottages scattered over the islands remain entirely insufficient.

Likewise, church schools of the various denominations found locally are financially limited and their standards admittedly low. However, though the bulk of the new education program rests with the government, they have proved their usefulness in character building. The Church of England, for example, provides elementary education in settlements where there are no government schools, thereby affording some training to those who would ordinarily receive none at all. The Catholics, whose educational influence is second only to that of the government, offer courses similar to those approved by the Education Board; they maintain kindergartens and send their Out Island teachers to Nassau each year for a sixty-hour summer-school session. Since 1944, the Baptists, too, have offered an elementary and junior-high curriculum, and teach the virtue of self-discipline. On Andros, the Seventh Day Adventists also operate elementary schools.

In the matter of health, the colony is again hamstrung by the wide dispersion of its territory and an inadequate staff. Generally speaking, however, the Bahamians enjoy good health, with the exception of the diseases of poverty and ignorance, and do not contract the malaria and yellow fever found in most tropical countries. On the other hand, many cases of illness go unreported in the Out Islands, despite the presence on some of them of district health officers, as with Eleuthera and Inagua (where there are small hospitals) and Harbor Island; or graduate nurses, as with Grand Bahama, San Salvador,

Exuma, Cat Island, Crooked Island, Acklins Island, and Andros, where dispensary-clinics are maintained. Natives reaching them and needing fuller treatment than can be provided there are flown to the Bahamas General Hospital, a fully modern, up-to-date medical center in Nassau, by specially summoned planes. In Nassau, there are tuberculosis and venereal-disease clinics, and a leprosarium outside the city where as many as twenty-one cases at a time have been successfully treated. As a further protective measure, milk sold in the capital, most of it derived from privately financed farming projects on the Out Islands, is pasteurized.

In all but race relations, the Bahamas have shown a tendency to move forward. In Nassau, where some 82 per cent of the guests each year are U.S. citizens, the color line is strictly drawn at certain luxury hotels and bars. The problem is one largely of real estate and economics involving tourists and their presumed prejudices rather than one locally instigated by strictly racial bias. In fact, in the Out Islands, discrimination is not clearly marked at all. On Inagua, for example, Negroes and whites work shoulder-to-shoulder. It is a well-known aspect of British colonial policy to improve race relations, and Bahamian officialdom is not shirking in this respect. The cause would be aided, however, if U.S. tourists would indicate their strong disapproval of a situation that seems to exist for, and on account of, them. Besides economic links, the United States has strong military ties with the Bahamas. Uncle Sam maintains radar stations, guided-missile proving grounds, and air strips on many of the Out Islands from Grand Bahama to Turks Island as part of his strategy in Hemisphere defense. The relationship is clear. Now more than ever, each needs the other. The future of the islands depends largely on the fortunes of Uncle Sam and what he says he is fighting for. But it still remains for his people to make it clear to the Bahamians that false prejudice is not necessary to win his dollars. ♦ ♦ ♦

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KNOW YOUR ARGENTINE NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 44



1. Tierra del Fuego, shared by Argentina and Chile, is an island south of the Strait of Magellan. Is the capital of the Argentine part (incidentally, the world's southernmost town) Ushuaia, Punta Arenas, Hammerfest, or Guajira?

2. Buenos Aires has one of the finest air terminals in the Western Hemisphere, officially called Aeropuerto Ministro Pistarini. Is its nickname Techo, Limatambo, Dum Dum, or Ezeiza?



3. Hugo del Carril represents an industry found also in Mexico, Brazil, Chile, and the United States. Is he a movie actor, test pilot, petroleum executive, or coffee baron?

4. Modern version of Argentine cowboy, immortalized in the epic poem *Martín Fierro*. What is he called locally and where does he live?



5. The Hurlingham Club near Buenos Aires, which numbers many wealthy horsemen in its membership, is the scene from May to September of matches of what popular Argentine sport?

6. Sprig of plant that yields country's national drink. Is it coffee, grape juice, *chicha*, or *mate*?



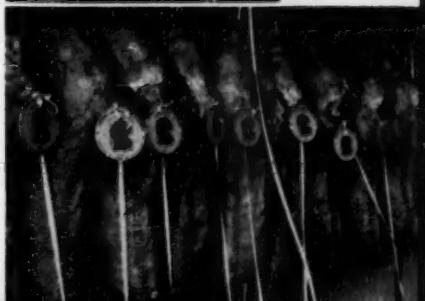
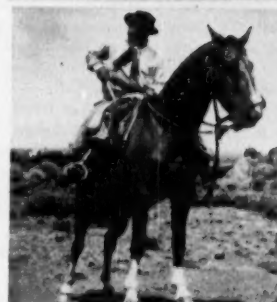
7. Handsome murals decorate walls of Buenos Aires —, the only one in Latin America. Fill in blank.

8. Highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere (23,081 feet) is located on Argentine-Chilean border. Can you name it?



9. Machine employed in one of Argentina's leading industries. Is it used for making copper wire, in textile manufacture, in dynamo construction, or for grinding lenses?

10. With its largely pastoral economy, Argentina has been one of the world's leading exporters of —. Fill in the blank.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PUBLIC VS. PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Dear Sirs:

I have read with interest—and some alarm—Francisco Céspedes' review of James B. Conant's *Education and Liberty: The Role of the Schools in a Modern Democracy* in your June issue. For this doctrine, if carried to its logical conclusion, would destroy the very system it claims to preserve.

The main point in Conant's book, a point he has emphasized in some of his speeches, is that "the greater the proportion of our youth who fail to attend public schools and who receive their education elsewhere, the greater the threat to our democratic unity." In my opinion this thesis errs in the following ways:

1. Historically. Public-school instruction did not become clearly established until the middle of the nineteenth century and the first state-controlled university—that of Virginia—was not founded until 1819 (classes started in 1825). Prior to that time, instruction in schools as well as in colleges was given by private tutors, most connected with some religious body. Harvard University itself is no exception. Do Drs. Conant and Céspedes claim that there was no democracy in the United States prior to that time?

2. Ideologically. Democracy does not consist in a unity that would eliminate a plurality of ideas. On the contrary, the merit of a democratic system lies in allowing diverse ideas within a framework of loyalty to the nation. The only limit to ideas in a democracy is that they should not be subversive (as defined by law and interpreted by competent tribunals).

3. Legally. It is the established law of the land that parents may send their children to schools of their own choosing and that the state does not have a monopoly on education (*Meyer v. Nebraska* 262 US 390; *Pierce v. Society of Sisters* 268 US 510).

Dean J. M. Malloch of St. James Episcopal Cathedral in Fresno, California, in the April issue of *The Marianist*, proposes Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and secular schools at all levels "to assure democratic freedom of choice."

There is also a practical problem involved. If private schools were to close their doors, it would add a tremendous burden to the taxpayer. Catholic parochial schools—which obviously are not the only private schools—in New York City alone educate three hundred thousand children, 25 per cent of the city's total enrollment of 1,200,000 at a cost of \$110,000,000 for maintenance and \$425,000,000 for buildings.

Finally, before the public schools assume any more responsibility, we should examine what they are doing. Many outstanding educators have expressed a critical view of the system. In a speech in New York City on May 8, Dr. Harold W. Dodds, president of Princeton University, said that the public school system "with all that it has to its credit, is not fulfilling its duty to the mind. . . . Education for maturity is the direct antithesis of mass education. . . . Our trust in mass methods and glib talk about new techniques of mass education have blinded us to the existence of wide variations in talents, desires, tastes and capacities among individuals."

The public school system with its "pass them regardless" policies cannot develop intelligence or help the student acquire knowledge. A more difficult problem, however, is how to develop character without teaching morals and ethics. As Maritain has said: "The important thing for the political life of the world and for the solution of this crisis of civilization is by no means to pretend that Christianity is linked to democracy and that the Christian faith compels every believer to be a democrat; it is to affirm that democracy is linked to Christianity and that the democratic impulse has arisen in human history as a temporal manifestation of the inspiration of the Gospel."

The reason I view Drs. Conant's and Céspedes' ideas with alarm is that I fear that the imposition of a secular philosophy will not stop at the school level. I believe it is the great tragedy of the Western World that it has forgotten its spiritual and moral values. It is sad that when the East and its leaders come in contact with the West, what they find is the superficiality of secularism. Under such conditions the ground is fertile for the seed of totalitarian dictatorship.

As for Dr. Conant's statement that "to use the taxpayers' money

to assist private schools is to suggest that American Society use its own hands to destroy itself," may I say that I consider it a civic duty to contribute to the support of public schools for those who wish to send their children there. I deem it a privilege to support, without the help of those who do not believe as I do, a private school for my children. However, when the taxpayer's money is used to buy a bus to take children to the public school while my children are left behind because they attend a private school, or when only public school children are provided with school lunches, I object because these are matters that refer not to education but to the child's welfare, and should be available to all.

John McAdams
Chevy Chase, Maryland

GALI TURNS UP

Dear Sirs:

I have just come across the issue of *AMERICAS* containing the article by Margarita Nelken ["Goitia Paints for His People," February English]. Miss Nelken says of Goitia: "He entered the studio of Francisco Gali, at that time a very famous painter, but soon to disappear from European art leaving almost no trace." Let me point out that the painter Gali still lives in Barcelona, after a long residence in London, where the city government bought some of his pictures for the Museum of Modern Art. He taught many world-renowned painters, and continues to produce works highly praised by the critics in the Catalonian capital. . . . Such oversights could be avoided if there were some organization that kept a record of artists all over the world.

Francisco Domingo
São Paulo, Brazil

IN MEXICO, NOT TOLEDO

Dear Sirs:

In the May *AMERICAS*, I read the article on Doña Beatriz of Guatemala by Maca Barrett. The author says that Juan Rodríguez published in Toledo the story of the earthquake that destroyed the capital of Guatemala in 1541. It was not in Toledo but in Mexico City. This Juan Rodríguez seems to have been João Rodrigues Cabrilho, the Portuguese who was one of the explorers of California.

Rafael Heliodoro Valle
Ambassador of Honduras
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

. . . My information for naming Toledo as the site is based on a pamphlet, one copy of which was given me at the National Library in Guatemala City, and another at the small library of Ciudad Vieja. Its cover reads: 1541—*Catástrofe de Almolonga—1945*. The first paragraph is: "*Memorial de lo acaecido en Guatemala; del epusculo publicado en 1543 en Toledo, intitulado: 'Relación del espantable terremoto que agora nuevamente . . .'*" and so on. And it ends with: "*Impreso conforme original en la Tipografía Torres Sucs.*"

May I say that I am extremely flattered that Ambassador Valle has been interested enough to question the point. I am well acquainted with—and sincerely admire—Dr. Valle's genuine erudition and his vast fund of information on all Central American historical matters. I naturally quoted the previously mentioned source in all good faith, since I obtained it in Guatemala itself. . . .

Maca Barrett
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for letting me see the letter from Mrs. Maca Barrett. In reply, let me say that while it is true that Juan Rodríguez' *Relación del espantable terremoto* was published in Toledo, this was in 1543; but the first edition was printed by Juan Cronberger in Mexico City in 1541, as can be verified on page 254 of *IV Centenario de la Imprenta en México*, published in 1939 by the Mexican Association of Booksellers.

Rafael Heliodoro Valle
Washington, D.C.

Américas

*invites you to participate
in a hemisphere-wide*

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

1. The contest is open to all amateur photographers of the member countries of the Organization of American States, except employees of the Pan American Union and their immediate families. Closing date is October 1, 1953. Entries must be postmarked no later than that date. No entry fee is required.
2. Subject matter must be typical of your country: people, places, things. Any number of photographs may be submitted by an entrant.
3. Only unpublished photographs are eligible for the contest.
4. Only black-and-white glossy prints will be judged. Touched-up or colored prints are not acceptable, nor should there be any signature on the photographic surface. Size must be 8 x 10 inches.
5. Photos should be sent by registered mail. They should be protected by cardboard to avoid folding and cracking. Do not send negatives.
6. Each print must have glued on the back a filled-in entry blank as provided here, or facsimile thereof. Please print or typewrite the information requested on the blank.
7. All prints will be held for judging after October 1, 1953, and no entries will be returned. Announcement of winners will be published in the February 1954 English, and March 1954 Spanish and Portuguese, editions of AMERICAS. Our judges' decisions will be final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. All entrants who win prizes will be required to lend original negatives before prizes are awarded. Winning photos will be published in AMERICAS with full credit to the photographer. They may also be included in an exhibit presented in the Pan American Union building in Washington, and later circulated throughout the United States. Non-prize-winning pictures acceptable to AMERICAS may be bought for single publication at the regular rate of \$5.00, payable when used.
9. The best entry from each of the twenty-one American Republics will receive a prize of \$25.00. A grand prize of \$75.00 will be given for the best of the twenty-one winning photos.
10. Address all entries to Photo Contest Editor, AMERICAS, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. We cannot enter into correspondence of any kind regarding entries.

This entry blank, or facsimile thereof, must be glued to the back of each photograph entered.

.....

Name.....

Street, or Box Number.....

City..... State..... Country.....

Picture Title.....

Where Made.....

Lens..... Aperture and Shutter Speed.....

Film..... Filter.....



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